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THE FINE ARTS.

[GRECIAN AND FRENCH DRAMA.]

In Greece, the Theatre was under the patronage of the Government, and a Tragedy, as is expressed by a French writer,* was a *fete* given by the Magistrates at certain times of the year, at the expense of the Republic, and on which they lavished immense sums. The successful Poet was crowned amidst the applauses of his countrymen; and, if poor, was maintained for life out of the public treasury. It is to a system of patronage of this kind, that we owe the masterpieces of the Grecian stage, that have challenged the admiration of successive ages, and that still continue to gather new glories from the lapse of time. The profession of an Actor was honorable in Athens; and the part of the Choregus, or leader of the Chorus, was often sustained by persons of the highest dignity and consequence in the Republic. The following detail of the manner in which a Play was *got up* in Athens, is given us by Mr. Mitchell, the celebrated translator of the Comedies of Aristophanes:—"The office of Choregus, or Chorus Master, was both honorable and expensive. Each of the ten tribes furnished one annually; and his business was to defray the expenses of the scenical representations, and those of the solemn festivals. If the tribe were too poor to provide a Choregus, the expense fell upon the state. Sometimes the charge fell upon two persons; sometimes the Choregus of one tribe was allowed to conduct the Chorus of another tribe. The Choregus was by law to be at least forty years of age; upon him rested the choice of the persons composing the Chorus; and they were generally taken from the youth of the tribe to which he belonged. A good flute-player to modulate their voice, and a skilful dancing-master to regulate their steps and gestures, would naturally be among the chief objects of his research. Some months before the approach of the festivals, the Chorus and actors began to be practised in their performance; the Choregus frequently maintaining them during the whole of that time in his own house,

* La Harpe.

that they might never be out of his view. At the festivals and pompous processions he appeared at their head, adorned with a gilt crown, and a magnificent robe. But it was at the Theatre that the chief contention took place between the rival Choregi. Judges were solemnly established, and a prize was adjudged to the Chorus which had done most honor to the Republic. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the victory was sought and received. The prize was generally a tripod; and the victorious tribe most commonly consecrated it in the street, which from that custom was called the *street of the Tripods*. To these tripods were attached notices of the tribe which had gained the victory—of the Archon who presided at the festival; of the citizen who under the name of Choregus, had furnished the expenses of the company; of the Poet who composed the verses, of the master who exercised the Chorus, and the musician who directed the songs by the sound of his flute. The conquerors of the Persians, says the Abbe Barthelemi, thought it an addition to their celebrity, to have appeared at the head of the Chorus; and on the tripod it might be seen inscribed, "The tribe Antiochus gained this prize; Aristides was the Chorus-master; Archastralus composed the piece." On another, "Themistocles was the Choregus; the tragedy was written by Phrynicus: Adimanteus was the Archon."

The sovereign power of the State thus allied itself with genius, and both assisted and rewarded its efforts; and it is to this sublime union of power with mind, that we owe the birth of the Fine Arts, and the perfection to which they were carried in Greece—which we have been in the habit of regarding with a species of superstitious admiration, as proofs of an original superiority of intellect on the part of the Greeks, whom we are inclined to consider as having been more highly and liberally endowed by nature, than any other people who ever existed. We suppose them to have been further indebted to a variety of fortuitous and felicitous circumstances, which tended to favor the growth and developement of the Fine Arts among them, and which can scarcely be expected to occur again in the history of any other people. We are aware that a religious origin has been assigned to their Drama, and that it is supposed to have owed its peculiar form, and the solemnity and magnificence of its exhibitions, to this circumstance; the Chorus, which afforded the nucleus around which the dialogue and plot were in course of time formed, having been traced to the ancient hymns and lyrical compositions sung in honor of Bacchus at the celebration of the mysteries, or, rather, orgies of that God. It seems not, however, to have been adverted to by those who attribute so much influence to this early connection of their Drama with their national superstitions, that the first exhibitions of the modern stage were in like manner of a religious character; the ancient mysteries and moralities having been all founded on sacred subjects;* yet it will not be contended that the dramatic art has been in any

* Dans un temps où les connaissances étaient aussi rares que les lures, la multitude aimait à retrouver au spectacle les mêmes sujets qui l'édifiaient à l'église.

way modified by, or derived any advantage from this circumstance at the present day; while the ceremonies of the Catholic religion are no less gorgeous and imposing, than were those of Pagan worship; and from the superior morality taught by Christianity, it might well have been expected that where it was thus afforded an opportunity of exercising an influence upon the Stage, it would necessarily have had the effect of purifying and exalting its character, and giving increased dignity and solemnity to its exhibitions. It is known, however, that the reverse of all this took place; and that the ancient entertainments to which we allude, were no less distinguished by their revolting profanity, than by their low ribaldry and disgusting buffoonery. Therefore, though we are willing to allow all due influence to the causes which are usually considered as having contributed to favor the growth and improvement of the arts in Greece, we yet maintain that still greater and more immediate effect is to be attributed to the national patronage and encouragement which the superior taste of the Athenians led them to bestow upon the Fine Arts with so liberal a hand; and of which the expense lavished in support of their Theatre, affords so remarkable and splendid an example.

It is surely unphilosophical to resort to the supposed operation of unknown and occult qualities, and to fanciful theories, for the solution of phenomena which may be referred to more simple and obvious causes, which all experience has shown are amply adequate to produce the effects which it is absurdly attempted to trace to more distant and recondite sources. It might be urged, that however effectual a system of national patronage may be, in promoting the growth and prosperity of the Fine Arts, the example of ancient Greece can scarcely be viewed as a model proper for imitation at the present day; as no government would be justified in devoting so large a portion of the revenues of the State, as was done by the Athenians, to the merely ornamental objects—to purposes of amusement, and the gratifications of taste. Indeed, the history of that remarkable people has generally been viewed as far better calculated to serve as a beacon than a guide to other nations; the alleged frivolity of their character, and their passion for public amusements, being considered as having contributed along with their factious and restless spirit, to the ultimate downfall of their liberties, and the loss of their independence. We confess it has always appeared to us that the generality of Historians have dealt with an undue if not uncandid emphasis on these peculiar traits in their character, and have confined themselves to the worst side of the picture in their account of Grecian affairs; so that the factious convulsions and political disturbances that raged within the walls of Athens, figure as the chief events in its history, and the vices of the Athenian character are minutely delineated, and perpetually enlarged upon, while the wisdom and energy of their councils, as illustrated by the commercial prosperity, and preponderating force that they at one time employed; by the extent of their foreign dominion, the magnitude of their armaments by sea and land, and the politic alliances that they formed and maintained with neighbour-

ing and rival States, is but casually commented upon, or is left to be appreciated by the recorded results, which, connected with and obscured as they are by a quick succession of events, and a crowd of facts, are often as carelessly passed over by the reader as they are by the writers alluded to. Whatever may have been the attachment of the People to their public amusements, or however violent may have been the factious excesses which they at times gave into; the government must in the main have been administered with an extraordinary degree of energy and wisdom, as we find it at one time exercising a superior control and influence in all the affairs of Greece, sending forth its fleets and armies "conquering and to conquer;" and extending its commerce to the utmost limits of the then civilized world, so that Athens became the rival and successor of Sidon and Tyre, in wealth and splendor, and commercial importance.

It is truly wonderful to think that so small a country as Attica, containing not more than six or seven hundred thousand inhabitants, should have extended its dominion, as it is computed to have done, over twenty-seven millions of foreign subjects—should have foiled the attacks of the most potent enemies; and, above all, should have carried the sciences and literature, and all the arts of civilized life, to a higher point of perfection than they ever attained to in any other part of the world. It was, indeed, among other causes, to the civilizing influence of commerce, and the wealth introduced by her extensive traffic, that Athens was indebted for her splendor, for her rapid improvement in Arts and Letters, and for the weight and consequence which she enjoyed among the rival states of Greece. The same author to whom we owe the extracts on the subject of the Drama, has the following passage, which we quote as throwing further light upon a subject which it is only in our power to glance at for the present, but which deserves a fuller and more particular illustration, and which therefore we propose to resume at a more convenient opportunity. "The Deigma was situated in the Piræus, and answered to the modern 'Change. Here were to be seen strangers, arriving from all the nations situated on the shores of the Mediterranean and the Euxine sea; and, as if to prove that the Arts more particularly flourish under the patronage of Commerce, no part of Athens was more crowded with pictures and statues. None of the Athenians, according to Aristotle, were so distinguished for their urbanity and politeness as the inhabitants of the Piræus; it is there, accordingly, that Plato has laid the scene of some of his most beautiful dialogues. It was among the merchants, the bankers, and the ship-masters at the Piræus, that the great orator Demosthenes acquired his extensive knowledge of maritime usury, naval contracts, and those remarkable subtleties which the Greeks displayed in their commercial transactions."*

* "The example I have before my eyes of this republic, which merely by the strength of its moral force, was raised to such an envied height of reputation and power, must frequently turn the attention of thinking men to speculations of this nature; and may, perhaps, excite thy curiosity to know what remarks my long residence here has enabled me to make on the advantages which Athens has secured to herself by the extent of her commerce, and the protec-

Can it then be inconsistent with the dignity and interests of governments to devote a portion of their attention and revenues to the support and encouragement of the Fine Arts, when we derive the lesson from history, that they may be thus successfully associated with the industry, the commerce, and the power of a State; and, that while they add a grace and ornament to the edifice of a nation's greatness, detract nothing from the strength or durability of the structure. While Tyre, Sidon, and Carthage, have successively disappeared from the map of the earth, and left scarcely a stone to tell "of their whereabouts;" the memorials of Grecian greatness, scarcely touched by decay, continue to attract the gaze and admiration of mankind, and the glory of Athens, fresh as the rainbow after a shower, still brightens amidst the gloom of the past; and, realizing one of her own classic superstitions, imparts a precious odour to and consecrates every subject that it shines upon.*

The imposing lessons of antiquity, unfold to us at the outset of our career, the broad and illuminated rout that leads onward to the summits of greatness and glory; while, from its beautiful and meaning fables, we may learn to avoid the snares that beset the path, and that may fatally betray our feet. The apples of Atalanta, not less fatal than those that allured Eve, have already seduced us but too widely from the course; and, without seeming to be aware of "the evil of our ways," we are blindly and heedlessly treading the downward paths of corruption, which, though flowery and winding at first, will be found to come to a speedy and sudden termination, in the wide-gaping gulf of irreversible ruin. It is not by the undeviating pursuits of gain, by the multiplication of its industrious establishments, or by spreading its numbers over a wide extent of territory, that a nation becomes great; though we may say,

tion of her floating bulwarks. The former was, before this war broke out, in so flourishing a condition, that scarcely a merchant-ship navigated these seas without taking the Piræus in her voyage; and not only found the readiest and best of vent for her cargo, but replaced it either with the native commodities of the place, with honey and corn, or those of foreign countries, which are always laid up in the well-stored magazines of its traders. A more extraordinary circumstance, which I cannot help adding under this head, is, that Athens is the only State in Greece, or in any other country that I know of, where a general opulence enables the lowest kind of people to live with ease and convenience; and that chiefly by the frequency of public sacrifices, at which large doles of flesh and bread are distributed to the poor, and the number of edifices, as baths, gymnasia, &c. erected at the public charge for the use of all the citizens. And notwithstanding the unavoidable inconveniences with which commerce and the benefits derived from it, must always be embarrassed during a state of hostility between nation and nation, it may easily be proved that the Peloponnesian trade and navigation have suffered in an infinitely larger proportion than the Athenian, by the influence of this breach. For since the action of Pylus, the fleets of the latter are masters of the sea without control, and not only superior to the scattered squadrons of the enemy, but numerous to protect their own commerce, and interrupt their rivals; and, what is of the highest consequence, to oblige even neutral powers to carry on an almost exclusive traffic with this republic, and not to export their naval stores or the products of their looms and their mines, without its knowledge and consent."—*Athenian Letters*, vol. 2, p. 370.

* The Ancients considered those trees as sacred, on which the rainbow had rested; and believed that they acquired from thence a peculiar quality, and that their wood was the most proper to be used in sacrifices.

in addressing ourselves to our country, "*Hic tibi erunt artes*;" these being the "means and appliances," which we seem to consider as better calculated than the practice of the civic and martial virtues, or the cultivation of the Arts and Sciences, to promote our national prosperity, and ensure to our institutions a deathless date.

This is a proper place for us to remark, that, though we have advocated the system of directing the national means to the object of encouraging and promoting the Fine-Arts, and have ascribed an arch-virtuous efficacy to this system, we yet conceive that the remote source of the superior excellence to which the Greeks attained both in these branches, and every other intellectual pursuit, is to be sought for in their public and patriotic plan of education, by which the minds of their youth were early strengthened and expanded; the great interests of their country, and the part which they were to act as men and citizens, being the subjects first presented to their attention, and that which in after life continued chiefly to engage their study. Their history, then, emphatically teaches the lesson that there is no sentiment which tends so much to expand the mind, as that of patriotism; none other capable of calling forth its latent powers, and exciting it to its highest efforts. Our time, then, we hold, is thrown away in studying the monuments and *chef-d'ouvres* of Grecian art and intellect, while we neglect to cultivate the same principles of action, the same free spirit, and lofty patriotism, which gave impulse to their genius, and formed the true sources of their success in the cultivation of the arts, as well as of their political greatness and renown. In scanning their works we study but the outward form, and not the inward spirit; and must imbibe something of the latter, before we can hope to rival, or succeed in imitating the former. To pursue these remarks, would lead us into a discussion of the subject of public education, which would draw us too widely from the topic more immediately before us, and to which we hasten to return.*

In our next communication we shall resume the subject of the Drama; and shall advocate those principles of taste and those laws of Dramatic composition, which have received the sanction of ages and been illustrated by the practice of the best authors, in opposition to the irregular, or *romantic* Theatre, which, by allowing an undue license, or, more properly speaking, an unbounded latitude to writers, has been the means of inundating the world with bad plays; and has, we think, been the cause of the imperfection, or, rather, of the utter barrenness of this department of Literature in our own country.

* Our present systems of education, derived as they are from monarchical and despotic countries, are wholly unadapted to this purpose. It is truly wonderful that we should neglect so obvious and important an object, as that of adapting our systems of education to the nature of our free institutions.

[The following article is intended to set off the peculiar character of the writings of COLERIDGE. The subject is well adapted to the rambling manner of that eccentric author; and the occasional points of antithesis, may serve to bring Hood's more sentimental efforts to the reader's recollection.]

BOY LOST IN THE WOODS.

'Twas in my time of youth, that pleasant time
 In every life, however low its lot—
 The time of happy fixedness, yet full
 Of happier change to fixedness again :
 Sweet time ! I remember it—'twas then
 I stray'd into the forest, far away
 From the enclosures of humanity,
 For I was ever fond of unrestraint,
 And wooed the liberty, I seldom won,
 Save when in solitude. 'Twas at the time
 I speak of—on a day too when I stray'd
 Beyond my usual rambles, which were far
 For a mere boy to venture—tho' I grew,
 Before my season, up into a man—
 I had gone forth some hours, and 'twas the day,
 When school-boys hold their saturnalia,
 And in licentious freedom balance well
 The trammels of the week, now flying fast.
 It was a pleasant season—May I think
 By this same token—June was next to come—
 And June you know's the month when school-boys pluck,
 Albeit unlicensed, May-apples and rove
 Into the fields when farmers are away.
 On some few blackberries, gather'd without toil,
 That jatted on the way, and were attained,
 Without much trouble in the stooping for,
 I did amuse my appetite to want—
 And when I hunger'd, and was far from home,
 I did feel inconvenience—so I stray'd
 Still farther onward, in the hope to share
 The few-word courtesy of some low boor ;
 Which is the pleasantest—even tho' it come
 But in attendance on a sweet-potatoe.
 And so—I went still farther in the wild
 And lost myself—yet could I not be lost
 In the great volume of my own conceit ;
 For I was wild and venturesome, and knew
 Each glen and valley and ascending hill,
 New grove or stunted thicket to discern
 When nights were dull and the old moon asleep
 In the sun's chamber—ah ! the wicked jade—
 She is call'd chaste too—but no more of that.
 Well as I've said—twas certain I was lost,
 Even to myself—had even missed the way
 In my confusion, whereby I did come—
 And by still farther labring, farther fell
 Into the mazes of the wilderness ;—
 Lost too the wits that should have work'd me out
 And after a long hour or too, of fruitless toil,
 I laid down on the long grass, 'neath an oak,
 And sobb'd, until I sobb'd myself asleep.
 I slept away my hunger—when I woke
 The lengthening shadows of the oaks were cast,
 Like old men's dreams, upon the longer past,
 That lay beneath the sun's gaze, while he look'd
 Upon the world that he had left behind,
 And dimness seemed to gather on his brow,
 As if he wept, that he should ever leave—

Tho' for one night, the glorious world he left !
 The forest, dimly lighted by his gaze,
 That fell at intervals between the trees,
 Wore a deep gloom, more fearful, as beside
 The distant glory I had look'd upon !
 And I began to feel, that in the course
 Of human course, I'd probably acquire,
 Some idea, that my situation was,
 To say the least of it, d——d bad indeed.
 In vain I strove to recollect the way,
 At which I first had entered in the wood :—
 Each side I turn'd to, had some mark or hue
 Some outline, or ravine, or stunted tree,
 Or rotted bark, or bush that I had seen
 When I had entered it, some hours before—
 Confusion worse confused, with toil grown tired,
 I look'd upon the sun and watch'd him sink,
 In a full blaze of glory o'er the trees;
 Still leaving, as I thought, to comfort me,
 A wreath of rosy robes upon the sky :
 That seem'd to glory in the glorious gift !
 Then did I look upon the deep dead shade
 That grew into a solid gloom, and weigh'd
 Upon my spirits—and again I wept.
 I thought upon the dinner I had lost,
 The vacant chair I had so often fill'd,
 The knife and fork just suited to my mouth,
 The good beef-steak or mutton, goose or fowl,
 Ham, turkey and accompaniments, and all
 That my long legs had lost my long desire;
 And then I sobb'd still louder :—then there came
 Upon my thought that grew still more acute
 The more twas exercised, the calm outline
 Of the enticing supper—"cold baked meats,"
 That now could furnish nothing cold to me :
 And then I chew'd the cud of my reflection,
 Ah me ! twas every thing I had to chew !—
 And then my fancy, active at the cost
 Of my good comfort,—bade me to survey
 The chamber and the bed clothes, ready turn'd
 That I had fill'd so oft—and how I wish'd,
 Good reader, that I was within them then;
 But such good fortune was denied to me !
 Gloom grew upon me; the increasing shades
 Successive chased each other o'er the wood
 Till Night reign'd there in awful majesty ;
 And I, like a poor criminal, laid down,
 Despairing at her footstool, to my fate
 Almost resigned, whatever it should be !

At length dame Fortune tired of her sport,
 And pitying the sad strait she brought me to—
 Sent her redeeming messenger, in the shape
 Of a rough woodman, just returning home,
 From his employment, felling the old trees.

He soothed my fears and by a sinuous route
 He led me to his cottage, some three miles
 (I found them six and better) in the wood.

I ate an hearty supper :—let me see—
 I do remember all of it so well,
 I may inform you of it—there was bread,
 Made on a hoe, from thence it took its name,
 Domestically—"Hoe Cake;" bacon fried,
 With some two dozen eggs, of which I ate,
 I am inclined to think, a something more,

Than was my share ; at least I did not think
 Of a proportion—nor of Euclid, nor
 Of any other rule, to guide my want!—
 Necessity was Freedom's parent—I,
 Took good advantage of this sober truth—
 So much so, that I verily believe
 The good old shepherd, tho' he did express
 The utmost wish that I should take my fill,
 Was not quite sorry when he saw me stop.
 'Till a late hour, he kept my spirits up
 By telling me strange stories—some that were
 Unwonted, and most pleasantly concerted,
 And dress'd with an assurance of their truth,
 Which made them the more happy—I have kept
 These stories in my memory, and will tell
 Them fully on occasion, unto you,
 As I did learn them, nor abate a jot,
 Wherein his speech was rude, to please your ear,
 And then it will amuse you, I am sure.
 Soon as the grey-eyed messenger of day
 Leap'd forward into the unchained expanse,
 From his far eastern summit, I awoke,
 And started on my journey. My good Host
 Who had so kindly entertained me, put
 My footsteps in the proper path, and gave
 In his kind "fare ye well" a grateful blessing.
 I soon reached home, and to complete my wo,
 And cap the climax of my cruel fate
 Got a sound whipping—and was sent to school,
 Upon the following Monday, with a note,
 Requesting the schoolmaster to repeat
 The same one week successively—twas strange!
 It was intended to create a taste
 For the enjoyments of my loving home,
 But failed in its effect: I ran away,
 Play'd truant—stole from orchards—returned home;
 Told lies—got punish'd—ran away again!
 And grew much worse than ever—and they all,
 Schoolmaster, guardian, friend and foe, agreed
 To leave me to my fate—all well assured
 That at the next assize, I should be hung.

JONATHAN

ASTLEY'S,

Or the Adventure of a Night in London.

WE were at the "Burning of Moscow"—not in Russia, but in Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and twenty-five. Our friend and companion on the occasion, was a little man in black, who had crossed the Atlantic for his health—poor fellow!—being on the dyspeptic list. We overhauled our pennies, and found to our no small satisfaction, that there was just the due and requisite sum for admission into the elegant little Amphitheatre over Westminster bridge. Thither, accordingly, we repaired about six—having first stimulated our perceptions by some villainous Hollands; adulterat-

ed like every thing else in London, except the beer. Voltaire compared the English, by the way, to a cask of this very beer; the top, he was want to observe, was froth; the bottom lees; and the middle excellent. The remark, however, is more pointed than pertinent; and applies, we believe, to every nation upon earth. We were not a little anxious to see Astley's fine horses; but we saw more—we saw Napoleon imaged to the life, the very fac simile of the immortal man! The spectacle was magnificent beyond any thing of the kind we had ever before witnessed; but until the great and fatal Magician of the scene presented himself, we found our attention wholly occupied and riveted by two young ladies, who were seated in the box on our right. The one we were in, was crowded and compressed almost to suffocation—for the night was by no means a North American one. Our friend's little eyes, for he was a Lilliputian in every limb and lineament, as far as we could discover—wandered over the house without appearing to encounter any object of sufficient attraction to arrest and fix their optics; while ours, as we have said, were utterly absorbed in contemplating the two young creatures on our right. They appeared to be sisters, and certainly were ladies—so far, at least, as the conclusion was countenanced by manners gentle, accents soft, eyes dark and pensive, brows perfectly Grecian; and cheeks which, naturally pale, were shadowed into a tinge the most touching, by the full black hair that clustered and gloomed, perhaps we should say, saddened above them. They were alone, and were seated on the back bench of the box—and so near us, that their very breathing was to our ears audible. It was to us, accustomed to the fastidiousness of Southern manners, altogether inexplicable that two young women in appearance so interesting, should venture unprotected to encounter such a crowd, in such a place. We had, indeed, heard, that “respectable females” occasionally attended the Theatres, (to borrow a merchantile phrase, not without its meaning) “on their *own account* ;” but had concluded, that these “respectable females” were either old women or old maids, who, all the world over, are free to do as they please. That two young and fair maidens, however, should so venture, was, we own, a thing that perplexed and absolutely unsettled us for the rest of the evening. “Who *can* they be?”—we caught ourselves repeatedly asking our friend, whose attention was too much engrossed by the horses that had just entered the arena, to admit of his making any replication to our queries. We were perfectly unhappy, and yet pleasingly so—if, uninitiated reader, thou canst undertake to understand us. The taller, and seemingly elder sister nearest us, was the fairer and the favorite of the two—but not a glance could we catch of the magic eye whose long dark lashes veiled a light which we could not doubt it would have been dangerous to encounter, and yet, who ever shrunk from such encounter! There was an air of repose, as seductive as it was beautiful and bland, that mantled over the features and the whole figure of this elder one—an ineffable calm, partaking almost of sadness—but it was a sadness sweeter to the fancy, and dearer to the heart, than any laughing lighter graces that ever Mirth dis-

pensed to the loveliest of her daughters. How little do your loud and laughter-loving females understand this secret of woman's truest charm, and higher, holier grace! We have known a whole theatre disturbed and insulted by the impudent assurance of an empty-headed woman of fashion, who, with a good face, a tiara of turbans, and a profusion of gold and diamonds, seemed to imagine herself free to abuse decency, and challenge the common sense and respect of the persons around her. Far otherwise was the deportment of the fair sisters at Astley's. They spoke, not in whispers, but so low, so mildly, yet audibly—in short, so like ladies, that, together with their other graces, it was not in mortal to resist the fascination; and for days we were so far enslaved by an hourly recurrence to the beautiful vision of the past night, that there was no toil, no trial, no privation we would not have encountered and endured, to have purchased the rapture of a single pressure of the small white hand, which, withdrawn from its soft envelope, we had seen occasionally raised to adjust, by one brief faint touch, the modest jewel that gemmed the dark hair, like some beautiful thing of magic that had nestled near the source of thoughts, which, we would have pledged our life, were high and holy—such as Angels would not have blushed to know. What was our chagrin and astonishment, when, at the abrupt and fiery conclusion of the panoramic drama, violence, confusion, and uproar prevailing around us—confined, crowded, crushed and curst as we were—availing ourselves of the first breathing moment, we turned to the right, and saw—an empty box! The fairy ladies were gone, and a momentary blank, and sort of blight was left upon our sensations. The image of that pale girl is still palpable to our sense—except that it lives and breathes not as it did then and there, when we sat poring upon the form and features of a being,

“ Whose house and home we knew not, nor should know,
Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below!”

A plague upon fortune and the world, who set their villainous heads together to perplex and defeat us—the one proffering that which the other takes away—with no other leave than her will. As wine and motion furnish, perhaps, the best cure for the sort of melancholy we now felt, our friend and self hastened our steps in the direction of a Coffee-House in Cockspur-street, Pall Mall; and within a few yards of our lodgings. Our pockets were empty; and it was twelve o'clock at night. “What is to be done,” said our friend, rather despondingly—“I would give half a crown for a glass of Hollands and lemon.” “Make yourself perfectly easy,” we responded—“We are known at that Coffee House, or should be, for we have frequented it for the last three months; and will to night adopt the well known Yankee method, “Set it down to our account”—a plan of very obvious accommodation, permitted of course, however, only where you are personally known. Our friend's countenance relaxed its solemnity at the suggestion of the expedient; and his little eyes sparkled in grateful anticipation of the glass of Hollands. We, accordingly, repaired to the smoking room up stairs, which, as usual, was filled with gentlemen of “the

trade"—the shopkeepers in London being a very sociable set among themselves ; and, like the woman there, amazingly fond of gin. We rang the bell ; and the spruce prim waiter made his prompt appearance. We directed him to bring up two glasses—a *quartern*, as they term it—of the Hollands, warm ; lemon, sugar, and a couple of segars—not having yet acquired a relish for pipes. We *enjoyed* ourselves (for that is the phrase in England) till about one o'clock, when we left the room—secure that all was well ; but "all's well, that ends well," is more certain than proved the security with which we had flattered ourselves. On getting down stairs, we turned to the door leading into the Coffee-room, and briefly informed the waiter that we should dispense to him the pennies on the ensuing night—observing that we believed he knew us. "Why, no sir, I can't say I do ; and we never give credit to gentlemen we don't know." "A pretty dilemma truly, is it not," said we, turning to our friend ? Never shall we forget his look !

"One stupid moment motionless he stood,"

and not Liston himself, ever exhibited a picture so irresistible ! "My good fellow, we have got you into the meshes, but know not how to get you out !" Our friend instantly, and as it were instinctively took out his watch—a gold one of some value, and offered it to the inexorable waiter, who declined taking it. "Why, waiter, observed our friend, "this watch is at least worth all the Hollands in the house"—"and more," we replied, "therefore keep it ; as unseasonable as is the hour, we must knock them up in Warwick-street." Our lodgings were at one house, and we took our meals at another. We had that morning given a paper to the brother of the young lady who presided at table, and requested him to do the needful for us. We had not, however, dined "at home" that day ; and having no immediate need for the money, we had gone to Astley's without having seen him. We were now under the absolute necessity of knocking him up—which we accordingly did ; and, providing ourselves with the necessary sum, returned to the Coffee House in Cockspur street, to release our friend—who, in the mean time, had consented to remain in pledge for the debt due the uncompromising waiter of the said Coffee House, in Cockspur-street. He had been exploring his pockets, it appeared, and, to his no little surprise, had detected an unfortunate shilling which had sheltered itself in some remote corner therein, and held out defiance to all search, until now. He was not certain (as he afterwards told us) that we should succeed in procuring the requisite amount ; and was, therefore, in no small degree elated at the discovery, hoping, should we fail in our application in Warwick-street, by the addition of the luckless shilling, to effect a release. We dismissed the waiter and his bill, and left the Coffee House—resolved to visit it no more ; a resolution we relinquished the next night, for reasons sufficiently satisfactory to ourselves. On getting into the street, we laughed heartily at the occurrence of the night ; while our friend's countenance exhibited an expression, which under other circumstances might have had the effect of repressing our visible propensities—but which, as it was, only contributed to stimulate them the more. "What is the

matter," we ventured to ask, "that you look so grave?" "Why, hang that fellow—do you know he told me he by no means liked my face?" "The scoundrel!—is it possible? He gets not the usual perquisites from us then; we shall withhold the pennies the next time." "But I speak of the Landlord." "The Landlord?" "Aye—he it was. He came into the passage way, just after you had left me, and, learning what had taken place, took me for a sharper, I suppose—for he scrupled not to tell me, that he did not like my face; but intimated that the watchman was at hand." "The London publicans, my good fellow, are often exceedingly insolent; but we must suffer this to pass, as it would do more harm than good to notice it—for he certainly has the advantage of us." "But what is there in my face, that could have incurred his suspicion?" "Why, really, all men do not see alike; and countenances, you know, are said to be no bad indexes."

This adventure of a night, caused no little merriment at the breakfast table the next morning; and all joined in the laugh—not so much at the occurrence itself, as the person who (unfairly enough, we admit) had to bear the brunt of it. It was impossible not to figure to one's-self, our little friend standing in the passage way—his eyes anxiously turned upon the door, doubting whether his release would be effected—his sudden joy at the discovery of the odd shilling—and, finally, the terrible damper of the Landlord's remark about his face—which was certainly uncivil, to say the least of it. Our friend crossed the Channel a day or two afterwards—and we have not seen him from that hour.

THE WILDERNESS.

[PART FIRST.]

'Twas a still noon of sunshine and of shade
 And o'er the forests and the prairies stole
 Shadows and gleams, as o'er the tranquil soul
 Its wayward fancies float:—the hills afar
 Shone sudden out, and now the streamlet near
 Was veiled in night; and fierce the sultry star
 Basked in the woods, while fleeting glooms arrayed
 The treeless wilds: and thus their April play
 The beams and clouds continued all the day.
 No sound save the cicada's voice I heard,
 Who chirped rejoicing in the burning air;
 Or, locust dinning from the bristly pine,
 Perched on its topmost bough of glossy green:
 For driven by the oppressive hour, each bird
 To mossy depths where ne'er the golden line
 Of sun-beam reached, had slunk—and panted there.
 The bright winged summer duck alone was seen
 Coasting the forest lake, amidst its reeds
 Seeking his food with long immersed head,
 The darting minnow tribes, or sappy seeds;
 Stirring the bottom oft with busy beak;

His gorgeous hues upon the waters shed
 A glory, and in the mirror dark appears
 His image, gliding as with life endowed :
 Each tint that on the wild flower lovely burns,
 Or on the clouds of morning glow by turns,
 Seems struck at heat upon his plumage fair,
 Unfading thence, and, 'midst the brilliant crowd,
 But more distinct by neighb'ring contrast made,
 Amber and emerald hues ; and like Cacique
 Of the wild flock, a gaudy crest he wears,
 Oft bristled up in fear, or reared in pride ;
 Or close smoothed down to pass beneath the spray
 Stretched o'er his moving path, that glides away,
 And bears him on to deeper solitudes,
 Through dreary ways, but to the Trout beside
 Known ; amidst roots and watery thickets made,
 Oft by the sable trunk stretched in the shade
 Like fallen Titan, by its mighty bulk
 Above the flood upreared, with plumes composed
 He sits for hours by the grass enclosed,
 Happy in his beauty and secure retreats.
 O'er head he sees the fierce-eyed wild Cat skulk
 On lofty boughs, safe o'er the water's brine ;
 There to the cane close clings the green skinned frog,
 Or rolled up on the lichen-covered log,
 Near basks the snake, where falls the casual beam
 From the high leafy ceeling ; the noon heats
 Thus safe he shuns within these twilight chambers ;
 Or over trunks and tangled vines he clammers,
 And forth his female leads and downy team
 On the black flood, like some fair cloud of morn,
 Growing more radiant in the rear of night ;
 In that deep solitude with wild delight
 Their young ones sport and dive—or, with quick eye
 The light moschetto mark, or gilded fly
 Pursue, on ice-like wing that wanders by.
 Thy Temple, Nature ! here by hands unseen
 Reared, and thy altar drest with living green,
 O ! echo not the bleeding victim's cries !
 But joyous notes like happy hymns that rise ;
 While grateful incense from each shrub and flower
 Ascend to Him, the blest, all-bounteous Bower !
 Who, ere his favor yet was sought by blood,
 Thus bade thee smile, and gave thy innocent brood
 To sport and play, and saw that it was good.

LINUS.

INDIAN SKETCH.

DURING a short excursion, some few years since in the Western country, I found, after a long and fatiguing ride over bad roads, on a hot and sultry day in June, that I was at length approaching something like a human settlement. The indication of the traces of human perseverance are to be met with in the wilderness some miles in advance of the habitations of the wanderers themselves. The long cross rail fence, the opening in the trees upon the sky, the clear whistle of the wind among the few remaining giants of the forest, and the distant hum of happy voices—together with the more clearly marked and intelligible lowing of cattle, neighing of horses, cackling of geese, and now and then the dark apparition of

some bristly hog half wild and half tame, brushing suddenly by you, to your infinite alarm, particularly if night fall be at hand. Travelling, (as in all new countries, one must, if he wishes to travel without inconvenience from creeks running over their banks by frequent freshets, felled trees and often compelled to take a new road) on horseback, is calculated to render, after a long day's ride, the sight of a farm house one of those somethings in life, which, while we should blush to give it the character or appellation of a pleasure, is nevertheless an object of no little moment and concern. I found the one to which I was fast approaching a perfect cure to my fatigue and ill-humour of the day. Whether it was that I had already begun to calculate on the smoking and enticing supper of fried bacon, eggs, fresh water trout, fresh butter, and round and glowing biscuits made of new Ohio flour—or that the natural tendency of the frame to repose and quietude, induced the feeling of gratitude and pleasure that I enjoyed, I leave to bookmen, apt at enquiries of this nature, to determine. Certain it was that I was more than pleased. I had ridden the whole day through a seemingly interminable forest, that, when I had emerged from the density of one seemed to show forth a denser and darker in which I had to embowel myself—that I had at length arrived safe at my resting place for the night, and all that was left for me to do, was to see my horse fed, rubbed down, and watered (a duty which no traveller ought to neglect) and to provide for the content and appetite of his equally hungering and jaded master. It required no great effort to make the inmates of this well stocked but humble cottage understand the nature of my wants, and provide for them accordingly, practised as they were, by an almost daily recurrence of similar duties. The supper table of neat pine was quickly furnished forth—a white cotton cloth with fringe from its sides a foot deep, was soon spread over it, and the rude but well relished dainties of country life were before me, and I nothing loth, ready for the repast.

I ate my supper in silence. My host was a half breed, who had married an Indian woman of the Nation (Choctaw) and under the sanction of the tribe, had commenced the business of Innkeeper upon their principal road. It is never the character of the Indian to be communicative; and nature has in this simple particular provided him with an education, which makes him more polite than the civilized man. His native independence and secluded and wandering habits, by removing him from the necessity of society, throws him upon himself, and his mind becomes actively employed, while his tongue may be said to slumber. The half-breed has so much of the aborigine still about him, that he partakes of nearly the same ascetic and taciturn disposition. His words are always significant and full of meaning—his looks are taught to have a language of their own for the better filling out and illustrating the brief and pithy accents of his speech. The Indian women are of a degraded *caste* in the opinion of the men. They are considered and used as mere beasts of burthen. Seldom, if ever admitted to the confidence of equality or affection, they are kept at a humble dis-

tance from their superiors, who assume to themselves in practice, the full supremacy as Lords of the creation. Nothing can be more amusing to one who is at all intimate with the Indian character, than the various pictures which are given of them by the Poet and the novelist. Nothing more idle and extravagant. The glory of the Indians (as they were) is the hunt and the battle field; and in robbing them of the extent of country sufficient for the one pursuit, and exercising such a powerful restraint upon them, as a ready and well-armed frontier, in the other, we seem to have robbed them of all of that pride, love of adventure and warlike enthusiasm, which is the only romance, the North American Indian ever had in his character.

As I have said, my supper was discussed in silent solemnity. My host sat before me at the head of the table, eating only occasionally. His consort, a large, strapping Indian woman *stood up behind* his chair and waited upon us throughout the meal. The looks of both of them as well as of two young and tolerably well looking savages who sat in the corner of the room, seemed full of gravity and sadness. Although naturally gloomy and sullen, I could easily perceive that something unusual had taken place, and accordingly as soon as our repast was ended, after a preliminary compliment on my part of a twist of Tobacco, which seemed to have stirred up the spirit to an effort, I began my enquiries of the youngest of the group whom I soon ascertained to be the most communicative and intelligent. From him, I gathered the following interesting communication. There had been, it seems, (I use my own language, as his was broken and scarcely intelligible) a number of Indians, young men and women, employed by a neighbouring planter (a white man) to pick a quantity of cotton which he had on hand. For some days they pursued their labor, with a diligence and assiduity, which, accustomed as we are to hear of the indisposition of the Indians to all manner of employment, except that of hunting, was, at least to me, new and interesting.

At length on the last day of the time for which they had been employed, the Planter, after rewarding them for their labor, produced the all inviting jug of whiskey—and placed it before them. This there was no withstanding. Those who had tasted the "Fire water" before, now set the example for those as yet ignorant of its perniciously seductive influence, and they all, with the exception of Mewanto became immediately intoxicated. This young man, who amidst the general example thus placed before him and from a society, than which, he could have no other restraint, could thus stoically resist, it must be supposed was a man of no ordinary strength of mind. He was in fact the pride of his people, and amidst their general depravity they felt the moral superiority of the man, and were "ashamed of their nakedness." Mewanto, had among the many who had thus bartered the higher energies of their original character, for a sensual and momentary indulgence, one intimate, closely allied and dear friend, called Oolatibbe. He strove for a long while to prevent this young man from falling into the dangerous habits of his associates—but in vain. The preva-

lence of custom proved more effective than the advice and entreaties of friendship, and the youth, unaccustomed to the liquor, became in a short time deeply intoxicated. His friend, with some difficulty led him away from the small grove of thicket where the rest of the party were still carousing, and represented to him in the simple language of truth, the danger and the error of his present licentious and unhappy indulgence. He spoke with much warmth and a good deal of that native eloquence with which this people are said to be so admirably gifted—and I remember, my informant having used (for he adopted the figurative mode of speech so common, not only with them but every savage people) as the language of the young savage on this occasion, the following sentence. Alluding to the prostration of his people on the appearance of the whites, "that they had been as many as the leaves on the trees about them, but the white man had been the whirlwind that shook them down, and the remaining few were falling one by one, blighted and blasted by the cunning of their enemy, otherwise, wholly unable to remove them." The drunken man listened to him with a sort of stupid attention for some time, but at length suddenly starting back as if he had encountered some fearful object, he tore the knife from his belt, and before his friend could avoid the danger plunged it quickly into the bosom of Mewanto, who fell dead upon the spot.

He remained in a sort of stupor for a moment—but suddenly became sobered on the instant to behold with horror the dead body before him. A shriek or howl, which is indicative of some matter of death, and peculiar to the Indians, was the result of his first awakening to sensibility and reason. This, the rest of the Indians perfectly well understood, and it had the effect of bringing them all to their proper senses. A loud, wild and melancholy cry was sent up in general by the party—the murderer preceding them to the great council of the nation. They placed no restraint whatever upon him—and without any compunction he voluntarily delivered himself up to the council and demanded to be led to death. "Tomorrow," said my informant in conclusion; "he will be shot,"*

* We annex a poem by a native writer upon this subject, which (as we believe it has never been quoted before) may serve as an apt illustration of this article.

At midnight did the Chiefs convene,
 With many a shriek of wild alarm,
 'Till solemn silence hushed the scene,
 As in prophetic charm;
 When, wild the cry of horror broke,
 As thus a dark brow'd warrior spoke:
 "I come to die—no vain delay,
 Nor trembling pulse unnerves my soul;
 Ye fellow Chiefs, prepare the way—
 Let death's dark clouds about me roll;
 My bosom feels alone life's dread—
 There is no feeling with the dead!
 Our tribe has lost its bravest steel—
 'Tis well the scabbard follow too,
 Since life no longer can reveal

And where is he now, said I, anxious to gather from the youth as much more as possible, for his fit of talkativeness seemed to be nearly exhausted. "By your side," he returned. I started and beheld the same young man, whose countenance had first struck me while at the supper table. The question involuntarily rose and I asked with some astonishment—"and is he not confined—and will he not escape." "He cannot fly, for did he not help to make the law himself." Thus was the powerfully moral rule of all christian denominations, "Do not unto others what you would not others

Aught that can glad my view :
From its own home, I madly tore
The jewel, that my bosom wore.

He cross'd me in my hour of wrath,
And still with cruel love pursued—
An evil spirit dimn'd my path,
A film o'erspread my gaze—I view'd
No more, the friend I lov'd so well,
But some insatiate foe from hell !

My hand had grasp'd its kindred knife,
A struggle, and I heard a cry—
It was the shriek of parting life,
For it is hard to die,
A friend or kindred soul to leave—
Now, there are none, for me will grieve !

Too late, too late I knew my friend,
Too late, had wish'd the deed undone !
'Twere vain, my bosom's grief to blend
With tears, that can restore me none,
(Tho' in unending streams they fell)
Of all the friend, I loved so well.

Far, wand'ring on the distant hills,
Yet, watching for the morning's dawn,
His spirit lingers near the rills,
Now anxious to be gone :
And only waits my kindred shade,
To bear it to the grave I made.

His hatchet seen in gleaming light,
When first the warhoop's cry is heard,
I've placed to meet his waking sight,
When carols first the morning bird !
Nor did my bosoms care forget,
His rifle, knife and calumet !

Prepare the grave, I long to fly,
To that far distant realm of bliss,
Where nought can dim the spirit's eye,
Or, lead the heart like this ;
Where, morning owns no clouded shade,
And life is light, and undecay'd.

Oh, brother, whom I madly slew,
Then shall our kindred spirits join ;
At morn the red-deer's path pursue—
At eve the tented camp entwine ;
Close at one time the mutual eye,
And on one blankets bosom, lie."

No longer spoke the Warrior Chief,
But sullen sternness clothed his brow,
Whilst fate and anguish, fix'd and brief,
Proclaim'd him—ready now !

should do unto you," faithfully and honestly obeyed on the most trying occasion in the annals of humanity, as if it had been one of the simplest duties of the domestic hearth.

I was curious to witness the final termination of this, to me, wonderful characteristic of a people, whom we have learned to despise, before we have been taught to understand. I turned round and fixed my gaze upon the condemned. What could a spectator, unacquainted with the circumstances, have met with there. Nothing of the precise and awful matter of fact, that connected itself with the fortunes and life of the object of observation. I addressed him—I brought him to the subject so deeply interesting to himself. He spoke of it, as of those common occurrences which we often speak of unconsciously. He took up the handle of a tomahawk and employed himself in carving upon it, a space for a bit of flattened silver which he labored to introduce into it. He spoke in detached sentences, during this little effort. In reply to a question which I put, touching the commission of the crime, and whether he was conscious that he was doing it or not, he replied—"Yes—he knew it all—he knew it was the one of himself, the best part—but he had put on a horrible shape and the evil one darkened his eye sight—that while he struck the blow, he knew perfectly well that it was his friend he struck, but that he was made to do it."

We conversed at intervals till a late hour—he seemed to sing at times or rather muttered a few broken catches of song, monotonous and highly solemn—at length, the rest having withdrawn, he threw himself upon a bear skin before the door, and I attended the little boy, who was with difficulty aroused from a deep sleep, to my chamber, which he pointed out.

It may be supposed, I slept little that night. I was filled with thoughts of the strange obedience which this ignorant savage manifested to his rude and barbarous, but really equitable laws. The highest moral obligation however instructing him, "that he must not expect others to do, what he would not do himself."

The next morning, a large crowd had assembled within and around the house in which I slept. I rose and went to the window. The open space in front of the house was covered with the Indians. A great deal of excitement seemed to run through them all. I dressed myself as quickly as possible and went down among them. They were crowded in the house as well as in the area before it. I

No counsel spoke—no pray'r was made—
No pomp—no mock'ry—no parade.

He walk'd erect, unaw'd, unbound ;
He stood upon the grave's dread brink,
And look'd with careless eye around ;
Nor did his spirit shrink,
The deadly rifle's aim to greet,
His bosom long'd its death to meet.

A moments pause—no sound was heard ;
He gazed—then with unchanging look,
He spoke in pride, the signal word,
With which the valley shook—
And when the smoke had cleared away,
The dark-eyed Chief before me lay.

looked about for the principal in this extraordinary spectacle—his were the only features unmoved in the assembly. He seemed busily employed in gathering up sundry little articles as well of ornament as necessity in the Indian's life. His dress seemed more studied—it consisted of a pair of pantaloons, seemingly much worn, and probably the cast off donation of some passing traveller. There was a buckskin hunting shirt on him, with several falling capes, all thickly covered with fringe, a belt of wampum, studded with beads of various colours, tolerably well arranged, encircled his waist—while his legs, which were well formed, were admirably fitted by a pair of leggings loaded with beads. Several other little ornaments were thrown about him, particularly over his neck and shoulders.

A difference of sentiment seemed to operate upon, and form a division among the assembled multitude, an air of anger, impatience and exultation, fully indicated the friends of the deceased thirsting for the blood of his murderer—while an appearance of sadness and concern, pointed out those who were more tenderly disposed toward him. At length, the victim himself made the first signal of preparation. He arose, and giving to a little boy who followed him, a bundle which he had been making up of beads, hatchets, arrow heads, knives, tobacco-pouch and some other little things, he led the way. I joined in the mournful procession. Our way lay through a long grove of stunted pines—at the end of which we were met, and accompanied by the three men appointed as his executioners, who were armed with rifles, which they wore under the left arm.

Never did I behold a man with a step so firm on any occasion, or head so unbent—a countenance so unmoved, and yet without any of the effort common to most men who endeavor to assume an aspect of heroism upon an event so trying. He walked as to a victory. The triumphal arch seemed above him, and instead of an ignominious death, a triumph over a thousand hearts seemed depicted before him.

The grave was in sight. I watched his brow attentively. I felt myself shudder and grow pale, but saw no change in him. He began a low song, apparently consisting of monosyllables only. He grew more impassioned—more deeply warm. I could not understand a single word he uttered—but, even though he stood as firm, proud and unbending as a Roman might be supposed to have stood, as if he disdained the addition of action to his words, the cadence, the fall, the melody and wild intonation of this high-souled savage's voice was to me an active eloquence, which I could not misunderstand. He paused at length. Then moving with an even pace, he took his place at the head of the grave prepared for him—beckoned the boy near, who had followed him, with the simple utensils of savage life, and when he had retired, motioned the executioners. I saw them prepare their rifles, and take their aim—I looked upon the features of the victim—they were steady and calm—I turned my head away with a strange sickness. I heard the single report of the three rifles, and when I turned my eye

upon the spot so lately occupied by the unfortunate victim of an infatuation, which has slain more than the sword, they were slowly shovelling the earth into the grave of the murderer.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Night is abroad in anger. The dark clouds
Are ministering around her. In her halls
The moon is lit, and casts her thousand beams,
Spite of the scowling of the ruffian brows,
That, like rude boors, with insolence and wine,
Would intercept her path of purity.

Over the earth, the Storm hath spread his wings,
And waits but for the signal, to arouse
His wild Attendants. There is on the sea
A kindred minister of desolation,
Who sits upon the foam, and from the depths
Of that unfathomable cauldron, sends,
Beneath the minist'ring witch, old Night,
His gloomy spirits forth. They are aroused—
Terrible in their anger, they set out,
And with a voice, whose silence, is the pause
Of louder preparation, send abroad,
Terrific Fury, with her thousand whelps,
Hungry and bred by famine, on the scent
For blood and terror—wing after wing,
Like night-bred vultures darting thro' the void,
Obscure the lamp that Ev'ning hangs on high
To guide the darkness that can cloud even it.
Onward they go;—where will their vengeance stay,
Or what arrest it?—Ha! a gallant barque—
Comes boldly on the bosom of the winds
That tempt her to her ruin Her tall masts
Dash'd into splinters 'gainst their giant wings
Strew the dark billows, that leap up on high,
Rejoicing in their might, and howling forth
Their hideous shout of triumph to the storm!
Now they descend upon the wretched hulk,
That lies upon the waters, a sheer wreck,
While thro' her aching sides they greedily rush;
And in their wantonness they lift her up,
To dash her down, more swiftly in the deep.

Oh! what a mock'ry to the heart, is Hope,
If she dare utter falsehoods now to those
Who tremble in that fated thing, that reels,
'Neath her own burthen, while the halcyon darts
Securely by, in littleness, and lives.

The deep boils in its cauldron, and the waves
Trample their prostrate rider. Now she springs
Mounting once more upon them, as if still
With all her native energies endued,
She could assume the sway, as oft before
Her buoyant might had battled them—in vain—
They rise, they leap upon, and press her down,
And curl, and foam in fierce delight, to crush
The monarch, that so often moved along
In fierce and beautiful disdain, the wave
That seemed her native realm.

Alas ! no more
 Shall be seen along it ! The pale Moon
 Shall be no more a beautiful isle to those
 Heart-hoping, and heart-sick, the gay, the proud,
 Watchful and weary, light o' heart, and wild,
 That moved upon the deck of that proud ship,
 Who went upon the waters like a God !
 The rebel Seas, thrown off, again ascend,
 With strength renew'd, like Antæus from their fall,
 Her gay and painted and still shining sides.
 Mountain on mountain follows—and the wings,
 Of the fierce Tempest settle on her brow ;
 And the dark Clouds come down—and the pale Moon
 Withdraws her light in sadness, to behold
 The deadly and unequal conflict rage.

And Fear and Horror shriek in agony—
 And Hope that linger'd almost to the last
 Is found not there, tho' sought for—down she sinks
 Fatigued by the fierce struggle—till she gives
 In, to her fate, resign'd—nay, almost glad,
 That it is over. What a cry is there
 Of living death—'till even the elements
 Shrink into stillness, as it passes by.

Fair barque ! there shall be many sighs for ye—
 Sad hearts shall mourn your ling'ring sails, and some,
 Shall strain their eyes to redness, to behold
 The cloud on the horizon, till it breaks
 Like their vain hopes, to certainty at last,
 When it is known as nothing.

The fair Morn.
 Leaps from his saffron bed, and shakes his hair,
 Sprinkling the east with pearly drops that turn,
 To gold beneath his smiles. And not a speck
 Is on the billows, now reposed in peace,
 So lately grim and terrible. The Tempest sleeps
 Among the fragments of that broken wreck
 With all his monster agents, still and calm,
 Like a fierce conqueror that lays him down
 Upon the battle field, amid the dead,
 And slumbers midst the ruin he has wrought.
 No trace of wrath—still as the gallant ship
 That men will look for with expectancy,
 And find a broken spar that was a mast,
 And dream at night, and see her coming home
 With a rich cargo of sweet spices stored,
 And gentle spirits wafting her with breath
 Of all impatient hope. Dream on ! Dream on—
 The gallant ship is lost, with all her crew—
 The gold of her brave hearts is in the deep ;
 Her spices perfume, and her silks invest
 The monster limbs of Ocean, when he sleeps.

W. G. S.

SOUTHERN REVIEW.

WE have witnessed with much interest and delight the progress and success of this new Journal, both as being the first experiment of the kind ever made in this quarter of the Union, and from a sectional feeling, excusable we trust in this instance, which led us to hope that in thus venturing to measure our intellectual strength with our northern brethren, and yet more formidable competitors in Europe, we should not fail or be found wanting; and we think we may with pride and truth say, that the result has been most honorable and flattering to the literature of the South, and reflects the highest degree of credit on the conductors of the work, and on the able writers to whom we owe the instructive and uniformly well-written articles, with which its successive numbers have been adorned. The celebrated article on Classical Learning, with which the first Number opened, has justly been considered as the best essay that has ever yet appeared upon the long mooted question of which it treats, and may be truly said to have exhausted the subject, which it has succeeded in setting in so clear and satisfactory a light, that we think it would be hopeless in any writer to revive the controversy, or to attempt to shed on it any new illustration. The initial article of the second Number, in which the usurpative course which the general Government has pursued under the sanction of the Supreme Court of the United States, is ably traced out and eloquently commented upon, is calculated to make a deep impression upon the mind of every patriot, and we are not without the hope, that it may be attended with beneficial effects in those quarters where its solemn warning and convincing reasonings, most deserve to be pondered and listened to. The article on Roman Literature, in the this Number, seems to have proceeded from the same powerful hand to which we owe the great Essay on classical learning, and is marked by a thorough acquaintance with the subject, and by a peculiar nervousness and elegance of style.

The third Number contains several articles of great interest and value. The review of Kent's Commentaries, is decidedly the most able disquisition that we have yet seen upon the deep and important questions which it handles; and has justly attracted universal attention. We have been particularly pleased with the article on Scott's Napoleon in the same number, in which an original and philosophical view is taken of the causes and history of the French Revolution; and the inconsistencies and shallow reasonings of the would-be historian who undertook a subject so far above his powers, are exposed without triumph, and commented on with a becoming and magnanimous forbearance and urbanity. The work upon the whole fairly promises, we think, to become a star of the first magnitude in the literary hemisphere of our country; and already exhibits in some points a decided superiority over its elder cotemporaries the North-American, and American Quarterly Reviews. The North-American Review, we confess, has never been a favorite with us, both from its too evident bearing, in its politics, to the side of power, and from the sectional spirit, which, in

spite of an affectation of impartiality, is but too often discernible in its speculations and criticisms. Whoever will take the trouble to examine the extensive series of its volumes, will find that, while a great proportion of its articles consist of notices of foreign works, a majority of those devoted to our domestic literature, are confined to criticisms upon productions of the New-England presses—sermons, grammars, and orations; the greater part of which scarcely deserved a place in the Quarterly list of publications, appended to the numbers. We could also point out articles in some of the volumes, so defective and incorrect in style, and so erroneous in their criticisms, that they could only have owed the success with which they passed off at the time, to the merit of *other articles* with which they happened to be bound up, and to the carelessness and inattention with which the great majority of readers skim over the lighter productions and periodicals of the day. We remember we were particularly indignant at the time, at the mingled insolence and injustice of the article on Judge Johnson's Sketches of the Life of Green, in which a few errors of style, and some mis-statements of the author, were grossly exaggerated and maliciously enlarged upon; while the new and important information imparted in relation to many of the leading events of the Revolution, and the interesting additions to the history of that period, which the writer was enabled to make from the invaluable correspondence and papers of General Greene, which had been deposited in his hands, were passed over without notice, and appeared to be wholly unappreciated by the critic. Some respect was due, in the first place, to the talents and high standing of Judge Johnson; and the style, or erroneous judgments of an Historian, are surely matters of but minor importance, and weigh little in comparison with the value of the facts and materials which he records and preserves for the information of posterity. The different articles that have appeared in the Review, on the condition and probable destiny of our unfortunate Aborigines, are also open to several animadversions both for the hardness and want of feeling displayed in the manner of treating the subject, and as being evident attempts to varnish over and justify the alternately treacherous and violent course pursued by our Government towards these unhappy people, in at one time depriving them of their possessions by ostensibly peaceable, but forced and overreaching treaties; and, at another, by waging war upon them in compliance with the false representations and complaints of our barbarous outsettlers—(the hardy yeomen of the West, as an electioneering demagogue would call them;) who are in most instances the first aggressors upon the Indians, and are always their cruel and most implacable enemies. In an article which has been attributed to the pen of General Cass, the ultimate and even speedy extinction of the race, is calmly considered as a catastrophe which must necessarily take place in the usual course of events; the doctrine of the writer being, that the protracted existence of these people on our borders, or within any part of our limits, is wholly incompatible with the future extension of the United States, and the *progress of civilization*. The bare admission

of such a doctrine into its pages, was a disgrace to the *Review*, and evinced no less ignorance than illiberality in its author, and the conductors of the work; as the improvement and flourishing condition of the Creeks and Cherokees, the civilization of the tribes of Paraguay by the Jesuits, and the continued existence of these people in undiminished numbers in South-America, which was colonized more than a hundred years before any part of the United States, sufficiently shews that the progressive depopulation of the tribes in our own vicinity, is due to other causes than those assigned by the *Reviewer*, and that the race was by no means doomed by their Creator to any such inevitable destruction, as the apologists and treaty-making Agents of our Government, have so summarily consigned them to. The *Review* appears to have been too courtly, or too indifferent, to examine very closely into the causes of the declension of the tribes in our own neighbourhood, which are to be traced, in part, to their frequent removals, occasioned by the treaty-making system of our Government—far more fatal to the poor Indians than the sword—and to the numerous and gross abuses that prevail in the Indian Department; which, if properly looked into, would astonish and shock the public both by their enormity, and by the pernicious and fatal effects which they have had upon the fortunes of the wretched aborigines. A mere routine of appointments obtained through favor, by persons who have no other object than to enrich themselves at the expense of the tribes consigned to their care, and of wasteful appropriations, the most of which pass into the hands of a set of unprincipled Agents and speculators, form the history of the present Government system—for the protection and civilization of the Indians. But to return to our subject.

Another trait in the character of the *Review*, more immediately affecting its literary claims, is the illiberality and ignorance which it has so frequently betrayed upon the subject of French Literature, which we remember was successfully exposed on one occasion by a writer in the *National Gazette*, and also called forth some animadversions from the enlightened Editor of that paper, who has otherwise always shewn himself favorable to the *Review*; and evinced a generous anxiety to promote its success and extend its reputation. The *Southern Review* evinces more knowledge, and therefore more liberality on this subject; the allusions to French literature in that work, shewing a thorough acquaintance with, and a just appreciation of the claims and classical merits of the great French writers.

The *Review* conducted under the auspices of Mr. Walsh, exhibits, we think, more legitimate claims to commendation than its predecessor; and has been distinguished by its liberality, by the impartial distribution of its notices, and by its thoroughly American spirit and character. Its Editor, indeed, previous to his entering upon this work, had given, in his reply to the calumnies which the British press at one time so profusely dealt out against the United States—a sufficient proof of his Americanism; and had raised a trophy at the expense of the enemies of his country, that

will long preserve his fame, and that reflects the highest honor upon his character, both as an ardent patriot and an able writer. It may, however, be observed with regard to both of the above works, that while they undoubtedly contain a great deal of able discussion and sound criticism, and in this respect may challenge a comparison with any foreign publication of a similar kind, the prevailing gravity and reasoning tone of their articles, give them, upon the whole, a somewhat heavy and monotonous air and character; their pages being seldom or never enhanced by any of those flashes of wit and sallies of humor, which impart so much animation and pungency to the criticisms of the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*, and by which the former work, in particular, was so peculiarly and brilliantly distinguished at the outset of its career. We repeat, that while the foreign Journals we have mentioned, are distinguished by a satirical and often playful spirit, that imparts a pervading and unfailing animation to most of their articles, and which recommend themselves to the general taste, like the fashionable mineral waters of the day, by their pleasant bitterness and sparkling vivacity, our own Reviews are in general marked by a wholly opposite character, by a seriousness, and we may add, by a Quaker-like sobriety of manner; and assume rather the air of set essays upon given subjects, than of critical examinations into the opinions, and writings of others. Whether this proceeds from an original lack of wit, or inexpertness in the lighter graces of style; or from a systematic forbearance towards the irritable race of authors, we cannot undertake to determine; we should nevertheless be glad to see this didactic and argumentative species of criticism, occasionally exchanged for a less grave and ponderous manner; and we should prefer even the blighting but brilliant flashes of wit, and the archly-meaning, or yet the bitter and malicious smile of satire, to the perpetual and unrelaxing frown of the formal dogmatiser and ever-prosing critic. In thus expressing ourselves, we certainly are far from meaning to approve of the unfeeling severity, and "ruffian style of criticism," by which the famous *London Quarterly Review*, has been so unenviably distinguished, and by which it has attained its present "bad eminence;" or of that "squeezing of the lemon" with which most of the articles in the great *Edinburgh Journal*, are so frequently and unsparingly seasoned; on the contrary, we have ever deprecated the harsh and satiric style so generally indulged in by these Reviews, which has justly brought into question the boasted humanizing effects of letters and mental cultivation, and that seems to overthrow the classical maxim of the great Roman,

—*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros

We mean nothing more than to censure the opposite extreme which our Reviews on this side of the water have run into, and their over gentle and indulgent manner towards dullness and mediocrity; and the sententious and ever formal and didactic style in which their criticisms are elaborated and composed. The article on the *Life of Wittenbach*, in the 2d number of the *Southern Review*, forms the most successful attempt we have yet seen to catch that

arch and playful manner which imparts so light and pleasing a grace to some of the articles in the Reviews of which we have been speaking; and exhibits that judicious mixture of grave and gay, and of instruction with amusement, which forms we think the happiest and most appropriate style for periodical criticism. In examining into the literary claims of the Boston and Philadelphia works, we are constrained to notice another defect common to them both, which we are inclined to think can hardly have altogether escaped the notice of the public, though it may not before have called forth any comment or animadversion. In the department of Poetical criticism, both of the works alluded to, have exhibited on many occasions, a strange and lamentable want of taste, and have delivered such palpable misjudgments upon some of the poetical productions of the day, that we confess we have often been astonished at the passiveness and acquiescence of the public, while these authoritative dispensers of the laurel, have proceeded with all due formality, and with all possible deliberation and parade, to invest dullness with the honors due to genius, and have extravagantly eulogized and sought to force into notice and popularity, some of the veriest abortions of mediocrity and stupidity, that have ever disgraced the press in any age or country.

That we may not be accused of dealing in general charges and unfounded censures, we will proceed to adduce from the Reviews a few of the examples to which we have particular reference, and are induced to do this the more readily, as we shall be afforded an opportunity on the occasion, of exhibiting in favorable contrast the superior taste and correctness of judgment displayed in the Southern Review, which, in the few poetical criticisms it has as yet put forth, has shewn no less independence than tact and discrimination, in boldly reversing some of the long slumbering and before undisturbed decisions of its elder, and more accredited contemporaries. We here refer to the extravagant laudation and unceasing strain of eulogy with which, both the North-American and American Quarterly Reviews, have hailed the successive productions of Mr. Percival's pen, which, they are yet fain to acknowledge, are so far above the level of common comprehension, that they cease not, with ludicrous zeal and earnestness, to exhort the young Bard, who to all appearances heeds them not, to descend from the clouds and dreary heights of Parnassus, among which he so wildly wanders in chase of brilliant visions and fancies, and to render himself a little more intelligible to the understanding of the every-day world, which is all that is wanting to render him the first writer of the age, and to place him on the summit of poetical reputation. A writer in the Southern Review, has been the first to expose the wretched balderdash, or, as he more justly terms it, rigmarole, which has so long imposed upon the public, and even upon the practised members of the craft, dexterously enveloped and hid from view as it has been, in the specious and involved style which characterises the compositions of Mr. Percival: and the critic has thus we hope done much to save us from the imputation upon our literature, to which we have been exposed by such articles as those which

have appeared upon the different numbers of "Clio," in the North American and American Quarterly Reviews. The Article in the North American Review, on the first and second numbers of this poem, is written in a strain of such high-flown and extravagant panegyric, that most readers on perusing it, will, we think, be tempted to view it as a studied mockery of the unfortunate author, whom the critic has in a manner drowned in rose-water, and then proceeded to embalm and preserve, apparently with the same assiduous zeal and care that the ancient Egyptians did the monsters and reptiles, that they so superstitiously honored and adored. We will pass over the high wrought eulogiums and panagyrical preface with which the critic commences the review in question, and at once proceed to an examination of some of the quotations which he gives as favorable specimens of Mr. Percival's talents and peculiar style.

The first is an "Ode to Seneca Lake," of which we will give the three first stanzas, which are as follows :

On thy fair bosom, silver lake !
The wild swan spreads his *snowy sail*,
And round his breast the ripples break
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream !
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore
As blows the north wind, heave and foam ;
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the Boatman lies him home.

Though we have been accused by foreigners of considering all our geese as swans, we believe we have not yet arrived at such a pitch of egotism, as to mistake the black goose of our Lakes for the white swan of Europe ; and the "snowy sail" with which the author supplies the former in the foregoing extract, is a licence which we fear will not be considered as allowable, even in a poet. The paddle reflecting the polar-star, in the fourth line, is certainly a new image in poetry, and is a specimen of what may be called the *inverse bathos*, which is not we believe to be found, even in the numerous and accurate classifications of the different species of the *sublime*, so laboriously arranged by the learned critic and antiquary, the immortal Martinus Scriblerus. It is observable, also, that the silver lake down which the swan was swimming or sailing before the gale, for it does not clearly appear which, on a sudden becomes "a waveless stream"—a transformation which we were certainly not prepared for ; and which seems quite as violent as it would be in an ode to the Niagara river, to address it as a silver lake, immediately after complimenting it upon the foaming vigor and rapid strength of its current.

In the third stanza we are informed of the important fact, that when the north wind blows, the waves of the lake heave, and foam—particularly around the oar of the boatman, when he is late in going home. The rest of the poem runs on in the same jejune and contemptible style, yet the critic has the effrontery and malice to say,

"This address has scarcely a fault that we can discern; every line of the piece presents a distinct image of beauty, and is in perfect keeping with the spirit of the whole, which was caught from the softest breathings of nature!" Is this mockery, or earnest? We confess we are strongly inclined to suspect the former, the more especially as he just before tells us, in certainly very equivocal language, "that it may possibly be thought that the picture is not sufficiently individual, and that *"in travelling about with it in our memory we shall not recognize by it Seneca lake from any other fine sheet of water."* But this, he says, "is a precarious objection!" Another piece, quoted with the usual parade, and described as rivalling some of the fine effusions of Lord Byron, is entitled, "Liberty to Athens"—as if one should speak of liberty to Constantinople or St. Petersburg, and thus begins in the veritable style of Sternhold and Hopkins:—

The flag of Freedom floats once more,
Around the lofty Parthenon:
It waves as waved the palm of yore,
In days departed long, and gone.

In an allusion to the Acropolis, in another stanza, we have the following lines:—

The rock where liberty *was* full,
And eloquence her torrents roll'd,
And loud against the despot's rule,
A knell the patriot's fury toll'd.

The feeble fury of the last line, is a specimen of the kind of inspiration under the influence of which, the poem appears to have been written. We next have an address, "to the Houstonia Cerulea:" of which the following will serve as a sufficient specimen:—

I love thee, delicate
And humble as thou art; thy dress of white
And blue, and all the tints where these unite,
Or wrapt in *spiral plait*,
Or to the glancing sun
Shining through chequered cloud, and dewy shower
Unfolding thy *fair cross*; yes tender flower,
Thy blended colours run,
And meet in harmony
Commingling, like the rainbow tints, *thy urn*
Of yellow, rises with its graceful turn,
And, as a *golden eye*,
Its *softly swelling throat*
Shines in the centre of *thy circle*, where
Thy downy stigma rises slim and fair
And catches as they float,
A cloud of living air, &c.

Amidst this confusion worse confounded, of crosses and circles, of plaits and urns, of running hues that meet in harmony, and rainbow tints, and dresses of white and blue, and the tints "where these unite," we should have supposed that even the practised optics of a North-American Reviewer, would have found it difficult to discern any distinct image or shadow of meaning; the whole, however, is extolled in the same extravagant strain as the ode to Seneca Lake, and the poem is compared to one of the happiest

specimens of Bryant and of Byron. Here we have an "urn," whose "swelling throat" *shines* like "a golden eye" in the centre of a circle, where a Stigma rises and catches as it floats a cloud of living air! Of the poem from which this precious specimen of sense and grammar is extracted, the Reviewer thus expresses himself: "In the foregoing extract, connected with the address to Seneca Lake, the author comes into competition with Bryant, as a fine observer of nature, a melancholy moralist, and a true poet." Thus Mr. Bryant, whom Mr. Campbell and the younger Roscoe, have justly ranked as the first of American poets, and whose chaste and beautiful productions would do honor to any age or country, is uncereemoniously placed on a level with a writer who we believe would be quite as much puzzled as his readers to make either sense or grammar of the mystical and prolonged ravings which he periodically inflicts upon the public, and which his critics have pronounced to be the best poetry ever yet published in this country—for this is the language of a subsequent article in Mr. Walsh's Review, which we had intended to notice at length, but which we must pass over for the present, as we have already far transgressed the limits which we had assigned ourselves, at the outset of our remarks. We greatly regret having been obliged to express ourselves as harshly as we have done of Mr. Percival and his poetry, as some of his pieces possess a degree of merit which seems to shew that he is capable of producing better things than the wretched trash we have been noticing, could he be induced to study better models than those which he appears to have proposed to himself, and would learn to subject his imagination and his muse to a somewhat more careful training and rigid discipline. His critics indeed are even more censurable than himself for the persevering obtrusion of such puerile stuff as the foregoing upon the notice of the public; for, if wanting in taste themselves, they had the means of forming a just estimate of Mr. Percival's poetry from the criticisms of Mr. Campbell upon the first numbers of Clio, in the New Monthly Magazine.

AN INCIDENT.

Last night, the moon shone suddenly in streams
 Upon my pillow—and my little child,
 Who lay, like Innocence, upon my arm,
 Turn'd, discontentedly, beneath the glare,
 And her sweet violet eyes half-way unclos'd—
 'Till I, with cautious hand, removed her face,
 And press'd her to my bosom—and she sunk
 Into a breathing slumber—but her voice,
 As if her sense were conscious of my care,
 Whisper'd most audibly, yet faintly too,
 "Father"—in her half-broken modes of speech.

Kind spirits! but it was the sweetest sound,
 That ever took my sad heart by surprise;
 And, tho' ashamed of such unmanliness,
 I felt a lurking weakness in my eye,
 And press'd her closer to my breast again.

W. G. S.

IRISH REMONSTRANCE.

WE do not wish to enter deeply into Irish politics, nor into any politics; neither is it our desire to irritate nor to reproach. Our readers look to us for literary rather than for civil disquisitions; and our object is to gratify whilst we endeavour more to direct to the source of instruction than undertake ourselves to instruct. But just at this moment the Emerald is rather a favourite gem, and though not sufficiently imbued with the principles of good Mussulmans to view the prophet's own colour as super-celestial, we must avow that we are fond of the refreshing tint, were it only for the lovely verdure of the humble Shamroc. We have glanced at a few pages of Irish history; and though not just now disposed to explore the origin of the *Tuatha de Danaan*, nor to come in contact with the *Firbolgs*; though we shall equally avoid the abstruse enquiry as to the manner in which the venerable *Partholan* survived the universal deluge, and keep equally clear of Phoenicia, Carthage, Gallicia and young king Gurmond, the son of old king Belan, queen Elizabeth's great progenitor who reigned in England about two thousand five hundred and thirty-years before her birth.*

* One of the most extraordinary documents which Irish history contains, is the preamble to an Irish Act of Parliament, proving the title of Elizabeth to be Queen of Ireland. It is a curiosity in legislation, in literature, in antiquarian research, and we believe unique. Yet it proves what it was intended to defeat, the fact of the early Irish settlement, and that the settlers came from Spain. The reader will be amazed to think of such a fable copied from an act of Parliament. It is taken from Eliz. xi. c. 1 se. 1. *An act for the attainder of Shane O'Neill, and the extinguishment of the name of O'Neill, and the entitling of the Queen's Majestie, her heyres and successors to the County of Tyrone and to other Counties and territories in Ulster.*

"And now, most deere sovereign ladie, least that any man which list not to seeke and learn the truth, might be ledd eyther of his own fantastickall imagination, or by the sinister suggestion of others, to think that the sterne, or lyne of the Oneyles should or ought, by prioritie of title, to hold and possess anie part of the dominion or territories of Ulster before your majestie, your heyres, and successors, we, your grace's said faithfull and obedient subjects, for avoyding of all such scruple, doubt, and erroneous conceit, doe intend here (pardon first craved of your majestie for our tedious boldness) to disclose unto your highness *your auncient and sundry strong authentique tytles*, conveyed farr beyonde the said lynage of the Oneyles and all other of the Irishrie to the dignitie, state, title and possession of this your realm of Ireland.

"And therefore it may like your most excellent majestie to be advertized, that the auncient chronicles of this realm, written both in the Latine, English, and Irish tongues, alledged *sundry auncient tytles for the kings of England to this land of Ireland*. And first, that at the beginning, afore the coming of Irishmen into the said land, they were dwelling in a *province of Spain, the which is called Biscan, whereof Bayon was a member, and the chief citie*. And that, at the said Irishmen's coming into Ireland, one king Gurmond, sonne to the noble king Belan, king of Great Britaine, which now is called England, was lord of Bayon, as many of his successors were to the time of king Henry the second, first conqueror of this realm: and THEREFORE THE IRISHMEN SHOULD BE THE KING OF ENGLAND HIS PEOPLE, AND IRELAND HIS LAND!

"Another title is, that at the same time that Irishmen came out of Biscay, as exhiled persons, in sixty ships, they met with the same king Gurmond upon the sea, at the ysls of Orcades, then coming from Denmark with great victory. Their captains, called Heberus and Heremon, went to this king, and him tolde the cause of their coming out of Biscay, and him prayed, with great instance, that he would grant unto them, that they might inhabil some land in the west. The

We shall take a passing glance at the island of Saints. Again however, let us disclaim any intention of approaching the formidable coast at a period when the gloomy magician could envelope it in such dense fogs that we might sail round it for days and weeks, and still its harmless cliffs would be equally invisible and impalpable. We shall neither take our readers into the study of *Ollamh Fodlha*; nor place them to hear the song of *Ossian* upon the hill of the winds, near the hall of his fathers, where the shade of the warrior of other days bestrides the cloud, and with an eye of flame bent across the waves upon the land of snow, screams, and whilst he strikes upon his shield with the spear which has drank the blood of Loughlin, proudly chides the dastard whose heart trembles at the name of Erin: neither shall we lead them to review the knights of the "red branch" nor seat them in the Halls of Tara. We shall come down to a later period: to an age when the remains of the venerable oak which once gave to the Druid his shelter, his acorn and his misseletoe existed only in the beams of some cathedral or abbey or palace.

It was at this time, that after about a century and a half of conflict between the kings of England and the people of Ireland, the second Edward complained to the Pope who was admitted as the common arbiter in Europe between king and king, and between the monarch and his subjects, that the Irish who were his subjects revolted against him. This was at a period when we are generally told that darkness overshadowed Europe; that every knee was bent in homage to the man of sin, that the great principles of civil and religious liberty were buried under the piles of monastic rubbish; and that on earth, as Satan said it was in Heaven, one mighty despot rose elevated in the centre, surrounded by a narrow circle of decorated slaves obsequious to him and tyrants over others, each circle extending in its diameter and descending in its grade, until multiplied domination pressed with its accumulated load upon the abject mass of the subservient multitude. It was at such a time as this, after several disasters, the chieftains of Ireland having made their mighty effort to free their island from Danish thralldom, and having succeeded upon the glorious but bloody field of Clontarf; whilst they were next endeavoring to staunch the wounds, and to heal ravages which the barbarians had made, England taking advantage of their weakness and dissensions entered their country under the double plea of the donation of Pope Adrian, who had the generosity to bestow what was not his property, and of the invitation of a dethroned and degraded delinquent; and having succeeded by force and fraud in establishing her adventurers in some of the eastern parts of the island, used her best efforts by similar means to extend her dominion over the whole country. It was at such a time as this that those chieftains protested against the assumed power of the Pope, though they were most devoted Roman Catho-

king at the last, by advice of the council, granted them Ireland that they might inhabit, and assigned unto them guides for the sea, to bring them thither: and THEREFORE THEY SHOULD AND AUGHT TO BE THE KING OF ENGLAND'S MEN!"

lies, with as much freedom as they denounced the usurpations of the British Kings; and transmitted to Rome a Remonstrance, the language of which, for its pure and elegant latinity and full nervous and glowing periods is a master-piece of eloquence.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers the following extracts from its translation as given by Plowden and other English Historians of Ireland:—

“It is extremely painful to us, that the viperous detractions of slanderous Englishmen, and their iniquitous suggestions against the defenders of our rights, should exasperate your holiness against the Irish nation. But alas, you know us only by the misrepresentation of our enemies, and you are exposed to the danger of adopting the infamous falsehoods, which they propagate, without hearing any thing of the detestable cruelties, they have committed against our ancestors, and continue to commit even to this day against ourselves. Heaven forbid, that your holiness should be thus misguided; and it is to protect our unfortunate people from such a calamity, that we have resolved here to give you a faithful account of the present state of our kingdom, if indeed a kingdom we can call the melancholy remains of a nation, that so long groans under the tyranny of the kings of England, and of their barons; some of whom, though born among us; continue to practice the same rapine and cruelties against us, which their ancestors did against ours heretofore. We shall speak nothing but the truth, and we hope that your holiness will not delay to inflict condign punishment on the authors and abettors of such inhuman calamities.

Know then that our forefathers came from Spain, and our chief apostle St. Patrick, sent by your predecessor, Pope Celestine, in the year of our Lord 435, did by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, most effectually teach us the truth of the Holy Roman Catholic faith, and that ever since that, our kings well instructed in the faith, that was preached to them, have, in number sixty-one, without any mixture of foreign blood, reigned in Ireland to the year 1170. And those kings were not Englishmen, nor of any other nation but our own, who with pious liberality bestowed ample endowments in lands, and many immunities on the Irish Church, though in modern times our churches are most barbarously plundered by the English, by whom they are almost despoiled. And though those our kings, so long and so strenuously defended, against the tyrants and kings of different regions the inheritance given by God. preserving their innate liberty at all times inviolate; yet, Adrian IV. your predecessor, an Englishman, more even by affection and prejudice, than by birth, blinded by that affection and the false suggestions of Henry II. King of England, under whom, and perhaps by whom, St. Thomas of Canterbury was murdered, gave the dominion of this our kingdom by a certain form of words to that same Henry II. whom he ought rather to have stript of his own on account of the above crime.

Thus, omitting all legal and judicial order, and alas! his national prejudices and predilections blindfolding the discernment of the pontiff, without our being guilty of any crime, without any rational cause whatsoever, he gave us up to be mangled to pieces by the teeth of the most cruel and voracious of all monsters. And if sometimes nearly flayed alive, we escape from the deadly bite of these treacherous and greedy wolves, it is but to descend into the miserable abysses of slavery, and to drag on the doleful remains of a life more terrible than death itself. Ever since those English appeared first upon our coasts in virtue of the above surreptitious donation, they entered our territories under a certain specious pretext of piety and external hypocritical shew of religion; endeavouring in the mean time, by every artifice malice could suggest, to extirpate us root and branch, and without any other right, than that of the strongest, they have so far succeeded by base and fraudulent cunning, that they have forced us to quit our fair and ample habitations and paternal inheritances, and to take refuge, like wild beasts, in the mountains, the woods, and the morasses of the country; nor can even the caverns and dens protect us against their insatiable avarice. They pursue us even into these frightful abodes, endeavouring to dispossess us of the wild uncultivated rocks, and arrogating to themselves the property of every place, on which we can stamp the figure of our feet; and through an excess of the most profound ignorance, impudence, arrogance, or blind insanity scarce conceivable, they dare to assert, that not a single part of Ireland is ours, but by right entirely their own.

We shall take a passing glance at the island of Saints. Again however, let us disclaim any intention of approaching the formidable coast at a period when the gloomy magician could envelope it in such dense fogs that we might sail round it for days and weeks, and still its harmless cliffs would be equally invisible and impalpable. We shall neither take our readers into the study of *Ollamh Fodlha*; nor place them to hear the song of *Ossian* upon the hill of the winds, near the hall of his fathers, where the shade of the warrior of other days bestrides the cloud, and with an eye of flame bent across the waves upon the land of snow, screams, and whilst he strikes upon his shield with the spear which has drank the blood of Loughlin, proudly chides the dastard whose heart trembles at the name of Erin: neither shall we lead them to review the knights of the "red branch" nor seat them in the Halls of Tara. We shall come down to a later period: to an age when the remains of the venerable oak which once gave to the Druid his shelter, his acorn and his misseletoe existed only in the beams of some cathedral or abbey or palace.

It was at this time, that after about a century and a half of conflict between the kings of England and the people of Ireland, the second Edward complained to the Pope who was admitted as the common arbiter in Europe between king and king, and between the monarch and his subjects, that the Irish who were his subjects revolted against him. This was at a period when we are generally told that darkness overshadowed Europe; that every knee was bent in homage to the man of sin, that the great principles of civil and religious liberty were buried under the piles of monastic rubbish; and that on earth, as Satan said it was in Heaven, one mighty despot rose elevated in the centre, surrounded by a narrow circle of decorated slaves obsequious to him and tyrants over others, each circle extending in its diameter and descending in its grade, until multiplied domination pressed with its accumulated load upon the abject mass of the subservient multitude. It was at such a time as this, after several disasters, the chieftains of Ireland having made their mighty effort to free their island from Danish thralldom, and having succeeded upon the glorious but bloody field of Clontarf; whilst they were next endeavoring to staunch the wounds, and to heal ravages which the barbarians had made, England taking advantage of their weakness and dissensions entered their country under the double plea of the donation of Pope Adrian, who had the generosity to bestow what was not his property, and of the invitation of a dethroned and degraded delinquent; and having succeeded by force and fraud in establishing her adventurers in some of the eastern parts of the island, used her best efforts by similar means to extend her dominion over the whole country. It was at such a time as this that those chieftains protested against the assumed power of the Pope, though they were most devoted Roman Catho-

king at the last, by advice of the council, granted them Ireland that they might inhabit, and assigned unto them guides for the sea, to bring them thither: and THEREFORE THEY SHOULD AND AUGHT TO BE THE KING OF ENGLAND'S MEN!"

lies, with as much freedom as they denounced the usurpations of the British Kings; and transmitted to Rome a Remonstrance, the language of which, for its pure and elegant latinity and full nervous and glowing periods is a master-piece of eloquence.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers the following extracts from its translation as given by Plowden and other English Historians of Ireland:—

“It is extremely painful to us, that the viperous detractions of slanderous Englishmen, and their iniquitous suggestions against the defenders of our rights, should exasperate your holiness against the Irish nation. But alas, you know us only by the misrepresentation of our enemies, and you are exposed to the danger of adopting the infamous falsehoods, which they propagate, without hearing any thing of the detestable cruelties, they have committed against our ancestors, and continue to commit even to this day against ourselves. Heaven forbid, that your holiness should be thus misguided; and it is to protect our unfortunate people from such a calamity, that we have resolved here to give you a faithful account of the present state of our kingdom, if indeed a kingdom we can call the melancholy remains of a nation, that so long groans under the tyranny of the kings of England, and of their barons; some of whom, though born among us, continue to practice the same rapine and cruelties against us, which their ancestors did against ours heretofore. We shall speak nothing but the truth, and we hope that your holiness will not delay to inflict condign punishment on the authors and abettors of such inhuman calamities.

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Hence the implacable animosities and exterminating carnage, which are perpetually carried on between us; hence our continual hostilities, our detestable treacheries, our bloody reprisals, our numberless massacres, in which since their invasion to the present day, more than 50,000 men have perished on both sides: not to speak of those, who died by famine, despair, the rigors of captivity, nightly marauding, and a thousand other disorders, which it is impossible to remedy, on account of the anarchy in which we live; an anarchy, which alas! is tremendous not only to the state, but also to the church of Ireland; the ministers of which are daily exposed, not only to the loss of the frail and transitory things of this world, but also to the loss of those solid and substantial blessings, which are eternal and immutable.

Let those few particulars concerning our origin, and the deplorable state to which we have been reduced by the above donation of Adrian IV. suffice for the present.

We have now to inform your holiness, that Henry, king of England, and the four kings his successors, have violated the conditions of the pontifical bull, by which they were impowered to invade this kingdom; for the said Henry promised, as appears by the said bull, to extend the patrimony of the Irish church, and to pay to the apostolical see, annually one penny for each house; now these promises both he and his successors above mentioned, and their iniquitous ministers, observed not at all with regard to Ireland. On the contrary, they have entirely and intentionally eluded them and endeavoured to force the reverse.

As to the church lands, so far from extending them, they have confined them, retrenched them, and invaded them on all sides, insomuch that some cathedral churches have been by open force, notoriously plundered of half their possessions: nor have the persons of our clergy been more respected; for in every part of the country, we find bishops and prelates cited, arrested, and imprisoned without distinction, and they are oppressed with such servile fear by those frequent and unparalleled injuries, that they have not even the courage to represent to your holiness the sufferings they are so wantonly condemned to undergo. But since they are so cowardly and so basely silent in their own cause, they deserve not that we should say a syllable in their favor. The English promised also to introduce a better code of laws and enforce better morals among the Irish people; but instead of this they have so corrupted our morals, that the holy and dove-like simplicity of our nation is, on account of the flagitious example of those reprobates, changed into the malicious cunning of the serpent.

We had a written code of laws, according to which our nation was governed hitherto; they have deprived us of those laws, and of every law except one, which it is impossible to wrest from us; and for the purpose of exterminating us they have established other iniquitous laws, by which injustice and inhumanity are combined for our destruction. Some of which we here insert for your inspection, as being so many fundamental rules of English jurisprudence established in this kingdom.

Every man not an Irishman, can on any charge however frivolous, prosecute an Irishman; but no Irishman whether lay or ecclesiastic (the prelates alone excepted) can prosecute for any offence whatsoever, because he is an Irishman. If any Englishman should, as they often do, treacherously and perfidiously murder an Irishman, be he ever so noble or so innocent, whether lay or ecclesiastic, secular or regular, even though he should be a prelate, no satisfaction can be obtained from an English court of justice; on the contrary the more worthy the murdered man was, and the more respected by his countrymen, the more the murderer is rewarded and honored; not only by the English rabble, but even by the English clergy and bishops; and especially by those, whose duty it is chiefly, on account of their station in life, to correct such abominable malefactors.—Every Irish woman, whether noble or ignoble, who marries an Englishman, is after her husband's death deprived of the third of her husband's lands and possessions, on account of her being an Irish woman. In like manner, whenever the English can violently oppress to death an Irishman, they will by no means permit him to make a will or any disposal whatsoever of his affairs: on the contrary, they seize violently on all his property, deprive the church of its rights, and per force reduce to a servile condition that blood, which has been from all antiquity free.

The same tribunal of the English, by advice of the King of England, and some English bishops, among whom the ignorant and ill-conducted Archbishop

Armagh was president, has made in the city of St. Kenniers (Kilkenny) the following absurd and informal statute: that no religious community in the English Pale, shall receive an Irishman as novice, under pain of being treated as contumacious contemners of the King of England's laws. And as well before as after this law was enacted, it was scrupulously observed by the English Dominicans, Franciscans, monks, canons, and all other religious orders of the English nation, who shewed a partiality in the choice of their religious subjects; the more odious, in as much as those monasteries were founded by Irishmen, from which Irishmen are so basely excluded by Englishmen in modern times. Besides, where they ought to have established virtue, they have done exactly the contrary! they have exterminated our native virtues, and established the most abominable vices in their stead.

For the English, who inhabit our island, and call themselves a middle nation (between English and Irish) are so different in their morals from the English of England, and of all other nations, that they can with the greatest propriety, be styled a nation not of middling, but of extreme perfidiousness; for it is of old, that they follow the abominable and nefarious custom, which is acquiring more inveteracy every day from habit, namely, when they invite a nobleman of our nation to dine with them, they, either in the midst of the entertainment, or in the unguarded hour of sleep, spill the blood of our unsuspecting countrymen, terminate their detestable feast with murder, and sell the heads of their guests to the enemy. Just as Peter Brumicheame, who is since called the treacherous baron, did with Mauritius de S—— his fellow sponsor, and the said Mauritius' brother, Calnacus, men much esteemed for their talents and their honor among us; he invited them to an entertainment on a feast day of the Holy Trinity; on that day the instant they stood up from the table, he cruelly massacred them, with twenty-four of their followers, and sold their heads at a dear price to their enemies; and when he was arraigned before the King of England, the present king's father, no justice could be obtained against such a nefarious and treacherous offender. In like manner Lord Thomas Clare, the Duke of Gloucester's brother, invited to his house the most illustrious Brien Roe O'Brien of Thomond his sponsor.

All hope of peace between us is therefore completely destroyed; for such is their pride, such their excessive lust of dominion, and such our ardent ambition to shake off this insupportable yoke, and recover the inheritance, which they have so unjustly usurped; that, as there never was, so there never will be any sincere coalition between them and us: nor is it possible there should in this life, for we entertain a certain natural enmity against each other, flowing from mutual malignity descending by inheritance from father to son, and spreading from generation to generation.

Let no person wonder then, if we endeavour to preserve our lives, and defend our liberties, as well as we can, against those cruel tyrants, usurpers of our just properties and murderers of our persons; so far from thinking it unlawful, we hold it to be a meritorious act, nor can we be accused of perjury and rebellion, since neither our fathers or we, did at any time bind ourselves by any oath of allegiance to their fathers or to them, and therefore without the least of remorse of conscience, while breath remains, we will attack them in defence of our just rights, and never lay down our arms until we force them to desist. Besides, we are fully satisfied to prove in a judicial manner, before twelve or more bishops, the facts which we have stated, and the grievances, which we have complained of. Not like the English, who in time of prosperity condemn all legal ordinances, and if they enjoyed prosperity at present, would not recur to Rome, as they do now, but would crush, with their overbearing and tyrannical haughtiness, all the surrounding nations, despising every law human and divine.

Therefore, on account of all those injuries, and a thousand others, which human wit cannot easily comprehend, and on account of the Kings of England, and their wicked ministers, who, instead of governing us, as they are bound to do, with justice and moderation, have wickedly endeavoured to exterminate us off the earth, and to shake off entirely their detestable yoke, and recover our native liberties, which we lost by their means, we are forced to carry on an exterminating war; chusing in defence of our liberties, rather to rise like men and expose our persons bravely to all the dangers of war, than any longer to bear like women their atrocious and detestable injuries; and in order to obtain our interest the more speedily and consistently, we invite the gallant Edward Bruce, to whom, being descended from our most noble ancestors, we transfer, as we

justly may, our own right of royal dominion, unanimously declaring him our king by common consent, who in our opinion and that of most men, is as just, prudent and pious, as he is powerful and courageous : who will do justice to all classes of people, and restore to the church those properties, of which it has been so damnably and inhumanly despoiled, &c.

Upon viewing this document we really feel that the charge of barbarism against its compilers is rather *mal a propos*. We must understand the state of Europe at the time before we can pass a correct judgment upon the occurrences or documents of the age. Whoever reads Hallam's history of the middle ages, and it is a pleasing and very instructive work, will see the extent to which the great principles of the feudal system were carried. What would be thought of the wisdom of him who would test our acts and institutions by the principles of Russian government? What would we say of the tact of him who would decide upon the correctness of the administration of Chinese Mandarins by comparing their acts with our laws? Just as wise would be the decision of our modern sages upon the character of documents of five hundred years standing by the principles of modern institutions. In the reign of Edward II. European Christendom might be viewed as a large confederation of Potentates, rather than as a number of totally independent nations. What we now call international law was then a sort of constitution of united nations ; and as they professed a common religion and were all members of one church, which had then as now a general spiritual government, administered by an elected presiding officer ; and as the Bishops frequently met on ecclesiastical affairs, and much of the learning of the times was found in their body, and they had considerable influence in their several nations—the kings or their ambassadors were frequently found at their place of meeting, and after the despatch of the spiritual affairs : a congress, if we may so call it, was held to regulate this international law, as well as to reconcile differences between rulers, to preserve peace, and for the general welfare. At those meetings it was regulated upon the feudal principle that there should be some supreme lord to decide in case of ultimate appeal upon the question of violated right or infringed law, and to pass sentence upon the obstinate delinquent ; the execution of which sentence this judge might commit to any special individual or to the whole body.—They agreed to invest this power of judgment and privilege of Presidency in the Bishop of Rome, who besides being acknowledged as their spiritual head, was also by reason of his territory a sovereign amongst them. This was the origin of that temporal power over princes which some of the sycophants of Rome, and some fanatical ecclesiastics sought on various occasions to derive from divine appointment, though we believe it would cost them some pains to discover when the first bishop of Rome exercised or claimed such power upon such a concession. We suspect that no one will contend that St. Peter ever came in contact upon this claim either with Herod in Galilee or with Nero in Rome.

Be that as it may : one thing is clear ; that by concession and covenant the Bishop of Rome was President and supreme Lord in this feudal union of the monarchs of Europe in the middle ages,

and that one of the great statutes of this international law was that in case of continued delinquency the said supreme Lord was to declare according to the feudal principle, that the delinquent prince had forfeited his rights; that his possessions were confiscated, and his subjects absolved from their fealty to him, and were commanded to pay their homage and give their aid to the prince appointed to carry the sentence into execution, and as a reward for his trouble, expence and danger, the forfeited rights were generally transferred to the person so commissioned for execution of the sentence.

It is plain that the persons who entered into that confederation were bound by that law, but they who did not engage in the coalition were not bound by the acts of its congress. Such is the first principle maintained in this document. It states that the kings of England could claim no right by virtue of colonization. "Because the progenitors of the Irish came from Spain." The kings of England could claim no right by virtue of civilization or bringing Christianity into the country even if such acts could create such title, "Because our chief Apostle St. Patrick sent by your predecessor Pope Celestine in the year of our Lord 435 did by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost most effectually teach the truth of the holy Roman Catholic faith." Neither had the king of England any title which might be derived from the re-introduction of this faith had it been lost. "Because that ever since that time, our kings well instructed in that faith which was preached to them, have in number sixty-one reigned in Ireland to the year 1170." Nor could the kings of England found any claim upon descent; "Because those kings were without any mixture of foreign blood."

After exhibiting in a concise manner a refutation of any claims which might thus be raised, the next question arose; whether the Pope had a right as supreme head of the Union and by reason of any crime of the Irish, to transfer the dominion of Ireland to the British king. Upon this we shall not enter into any disquisition of our own: we take the plain fact that the Irish nation did not enter into the Union, and was therefore not bound by its laws. The feudal system was not of force in that country, and the Pope had no right to interfere with their independence as a nation; "Because" as they say, "our kings long and strenuously defended against the tyrants and kings of different regions the inheritance given them by God, preserving their innate liberty at all times inviolate." They call the grant of Pope Adrian "a certain form of words" in contra-distinction to a valid transfer: and they insist on their right in the following words—"We invite the gallant Edward Bruce, to whom, being descended from our ancestors, we transfer, *as we justly may our own right of royal dominion*, unanimously declaring him king by common consent." Thus they declare the right to be in themselves and not in the Pope: than which no principle is more clearly correct, nor a better ground of civil liberty.

We are gratified at beholding the oppressed and persecuted chieftains of Ireland sending forward such a document as this in the year 1317 especially under the circumstances in which they were

placed. The kings of England claimed to be Lords of Ireland, but any person who reads the history of the "aggregate mass of adventurers" who occupied the territory called "the pale" which was all that the English could claim to possess, cannot fail to agree at least with the conclusion drawn by as completely an anti-Irish historian as ever laid pen upon paper, one filled with the desire of exalting every thing English; Lingard, who calls the English ascendancy "petty tyrants who knew no other law but their own interests, and united to the advantages of partial civilization the ferocity of savages." "Men conscious of being the original aggressors, they looked upon the native Irish as natural enemies." It is true that the English historian paints the Irish as even more savage, but we may lawfully allow a little liberty of such decoration to a *Pict*. In this state of things the chieftains rejoiced as sincerely at the victory of Bannockburn, as their descendants did at that of New Orleans, and for a like cause. Lord Ufford was despatched by the English king to treat with his beloved cousins the O'Neils and the other chieftains, and with probably just as much affection and sincerity as his sacred majesty king George the fourth of virtuous fame sent the Marquis of Anglesea to treat with his beloved cousins O'Connell, McDonald, O'Shiel, and the other chieftains of our day. But as the king of Scots had come to the aid of the cousins they took the field: and as is always the case with the generous government of the land of roast beef and plumb pudding, the measure of Ireland's strength was that of England's kindness. Master John de Hotham, who for his good services was subsequently made Bishop of Ely, went over as a plenipotentiary to make terms in the best way he could. He promised "the savages" that they should have all the benefits of the English laws provided they would peaceably submit themselves to the king's good pleasure: but this being far too much to grant them, and it not being thought wise to refuse their request, the consideration of their offer to accede to the proposal was deferred until the king would have more leisure "at a more convenient time," probably the Greek Kalends which we believe was the period at which the British government had latterly determined to emancipate the Catholics. However, whether by the aid of *Columbkille* or some other prophetic friend, they got a glimpse of the manner in which the articles of Limerick would be observed; or from their own shrewd mode of scanning English policy we know not, and it boots very little; but so it happened that the chieftains thought those Kalends were too far away: and in union with Edward Bruce to work they went, and the O'Tooles, O'Briens and O'Carrolls piped up such a jig, to use a true Hibernian idiom, as made their own hearts merry and brought tears, but not of joy into the eyes of the Sassanagh. Next year came Robert Bruce "leading more of his Scots" to their aid, and just as Wellington now turns to the Pope to make his bargain about keeping the cousins quiet, so did the good ministers of Edward II. complain to John xxii. of the rebelling turbulent Irish." John sent his commission to the Archbishops of Dublin, and of Cashel, to admonish "the agitators," and to excommunicate the refractory. And it was un-

der those circumstances that the Remonstrance was sent back to him through Joscelin and Fieschi, papal legates in Scotland. The two last paragraphs which we give exhibit a manly determination on the part of those chiefs to defend their rights; and whilst they adhere firmly to the religion of the Pope and acknowledge him as the head of their church, they assert their own civil rights with which they will not permit his interference; "they will defend their liberties as well as they can;" "they hold such defence to be meritorious;" "without remorse of conscience they will attack tyrants and usurpers in defence of their just rights"—"they cannot be accused of rebellion." "They will prove their allegations before twelve or more Bishops," the tribunal from which they might expect some impartiality. They do not ask the Pope to withdraw his excommunication: for of its own nature it was of no force, even by the principles of their religion, being an interference with their civil rights. This is the language which the oppressed Irish have always held: this is the language of their association to day.

But what a character does it give of their opponents? In the day of prosperity they would not recur to Rome. Then the Pope would be—we shall not say what. Really the parallel is striking: but we must avoid politics. Still we are inclined to think that in the Irish nation there is much of a brave spirit of honest independence; but England has been too strong for a people who, during upwards of six centuries have been uneasy under her yoke.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.

To ponder on the deeds and the motives of past generations, is a pleasant though melancholy exercise, for it is of universal interest, but peculiarly affecting to the pensive mind.

We know from the characters of some of our former contemporaries, that the dead once thought and felt as ourselves—that they were influenced by the same principles of action—that for a series of years, they were engaged in the elusive search after happiness—and that with those phantoms full in sight, and almost in reach, the inexorable mandate of the fell destroyer called them from the prosecution of every plan of aggrandizement, to slumber in the silent tomb:

"So flourishes and fades majestic Man."

Such reflections are valuable in teaching us, who we are, what we inevitably will be, and the folly of estimating Time as a counterpoise to Eternity, and a more congenial spot for such meditations, cannot be conceived of, than some ancient cemetery.

The names of St Peter's, Notre Dame, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's are deeply engraven on the mind of every pensive ad-

mirer of antiquity: to those among us whom circumstances may have denied the privilege of visiting them, St. Philip's may well be substituted; in the romantic days of youth, it might be profitable to visit its sacred walls, and to ponder again and again on the only surviving testimonials of the once illustrious dead.

Amidst the mausolea of heroes, the latent spark of patriotism may be kindled into a flame in some youthful bosom:—the recorded excellencies of the servants of the Most High, may bid some pure and spotless soul "*Be virtuous here and thou shalt receive a crown of immortality hereafter.*" Under this awe-inspiring roof, some child of Genius may resolve to struggle with untiring zeal up the rugged steep of Science, to gain the prayers of his contemporaries and the benedictions of generations yet unborn.

Although it contains not the ashes of monarchs, we are there reminded of their representatives—of heroes illustrious for their loyalty to a transatlantic master—of heroes more illustrious for resolute opposition to the despotic measures of the same family—of the virtuous

" Along the cool sequestered vale of life
Who kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

Of the antiquity of this church, little is now positively established: an Act of Assembly was passed for its erection, says the Ecclesiastical Historian,* in 1710–11, and another for completing it, and repairing the effects of a storm in 1720: until within a few years it was supposed to have been erected about 1733, as those figures were conspicuous on a part of the steeple: the subsequent discovery of some early records have proved its greater antiquity: certain it is, that the adjacent ground was used for the purpose of sepulture anterior to 1720, for a blue slab now concealed by turf lies near the Church, which indicates that the person there deposited died in 1718.

In approaching St. Philip's either from the North or the South, the spectator is forcibly struck by its style of architecture, and its peculiar location: as is customary in the erection of Episcopal churches, it faces the West, and the massive Tuscan porticoes in front, and at the sides form a cross: a single row of lofty windows on each side reach to the eaves, and the ponderous steeple consists of an octagonal tower surmounted by an hemispherical dome and a square lantern; although a less airy and elegant structure than St. Michael's, it is calculated to excite far more congenial impressions: weight, solemnity, and simplicity are its characteristics.

Its location is rendered interesting by various circumstances: the contiguity of three grave-yards almost entitle its site to the appellation of "the City of the Dead;" it is situated completely across Church-street, so as at a short distance apparently to terminate it: our municipal history explains this by stating that it was intended partly for worship and partly for defence against the incursions of hostile Indians in the vicinity; this is rendered probable when we reflect that St. Philip's was then in the suburbs, and that, even within a few years an extensive marsh ran not far north of it. But it is time that we should enter its doors.

* Vide Dalcho's Church History, p. 120.

The porticoes, it has been remarked, are of the Tuscan order, and are perhaps rather narrow for architectural elegance; until within a few months, the Church was encompassed by a heavy brick wall and antique gate; according to the modern ideas of improvement, these have been removed, and a light iron railing substituted: every admirer of antiquity must give a preference to the "*memento mori*" the skulls and cross-bones of the old entrance, rather than the fantastic workmanship of the new.

On entering the western door, the spectator is ushered into a spacious Vestibule, surrounded by massive Doric columns, which, although a recent improvement, are perfectly congruous with the general structure: this area contains but two monuments: the Epitaph on that of Dr. Edward Post is expressed in the classic language of ancient Rome; and in part in the following words:

P M

EDWARDI POST, *Chirurgi*:

Ob Scientiam, Europa clarissimis Gymnasiis comparatam,
et in

Praelectionibus Anatomicis, Academia Neo-Eborac, habitis,
jam ornate et honorifice ostensam, insignis;

Foris ob ingenium, industriam, gratiam dilecti,

Domi tam omnibus propter suavitatem humanitatis, jucundi,
quam suis ob pietatem carissimi."

This promising young physician was early removed from the prospects of extensive celebrity and usefulness, and by his death were blasted the fond anticipations of his late distinguished father.*

The next monument which attracts the eye is supported laterally by two palmetto columns, surmounted by a mural crown: the patriot with transport recognizes the memorial erected to Carolina's favourite hero, by his brethren of the Cincinnati: it is inscribed

Sacred to the memory of

GEN. WILLIAM MOULTRIE,

Who by his intrepidity and conduct

On the 28th of June 1776

earned with his brave Regiment the first
complete Victory achieved over the forces of Britain:

Preserving Charleston from capture,

Giving confidence to the Union; shewing

That the boasted Navy of England

was no longer invincible:

Who in 1778 saved Beaufort from captivity

by gallantly displaying his faithful band

of militia in the open field:—discomfiting an

equal number of Regulars, and proving the superiority of patriotic
valour well-directed, over the sheltered

Discipline of Despots:—

Who in 1779, by his activity and firmness

Again rescued his native city, assailed

* Wright Post, M. D. late Professor of Anatomy in the Medical College of New-York.

By a formidable British Army,
 Thus thrice meriting the Mural Crown:
 And who though captured and distressed
 Rejecting with disdain the splendid bribe
 Of rank and emolument, in the Enemy's Army,
 Demonstrated that a reverse of Fortune
 Could only add fresh lustre to his laurels.
 Though daring in action, and inflexible
 In patriotic principle,
 He was in Society mild, benevolent, and unassuming.
 No domestic character was more beloved,
 No friend more cherished." &c. &c.*

Three entrances connect this Vestibule with the body of the Church; emerging from under the Orchestra, the eye is suddenly struck with the vaulted roof, the ponderous side arches, the fluted Corinthian pilasters, and the Cherubim over the centre of each arch; the middle one on the south side bears the inscription "*Propius res aspice nostras*," the opposite "*Deus mihi Sol.*" Tradition informs us that the galleries were not added for some years

* We annex, from the pen of a friend some stanzas, written upon seeing a finely executed bust of the old General, by our fellow citizen J. S. Cogdell, Esq. to which we refer our readers.

Thus, when the battle rose,
 With fearful brow on men,
 And thou, old Roman, born to blows,
 Stood firm—thus look'd thou then!
 The same stern calm, and brow
 With deep reflection wrought
 With that excited fervent glow,
 The agony of Thought!
 The glorious time, that tried
 The souls of men, still came,
 To find thee all a people's pride,
 Cause just, and bosom flame!
 Old Freeman, when I look
 Upon thy well lined face
 As on the features of a book,
 What histories I trace!*

I see the grave intelligence
 Of calm reflection's eye
 And from its fixedness intense
 Thy love of liberty!
 I see the feeling there that bade
 The Carolinian on—
 And drawing forth his maiden blade
 Review the field he won.
 Stout Roman! such wert thou—
 For, when I think on all
 That mated thee in martial glow
 At Freedom's sacred call;
 I know not one, whose life
 With the Roman's more could vie,
 That calm preparedness for strife—
 And death or liberty!

* The expression of this face is singularly remarkable, and the effect on its exhibition before a large company, was perhaps the highest compliment that could be paid to the gifted and ingenious artist.

after the erection of the building, and that for a length of time it was the custom for each worshipper to furnish his own seat. Such is the solemnity of its internal aspect, that a late revered Prelate* frequently declared that no other Church had ever produced on him such awful impressions:—it was of this Church that the celebrated Edmund Burke observed “it is spacious, and executed in very handsome taste, exceeding every thing of that kind we have in America.”†

The solemnity of feeling here excited, is in a great degree owing to the emotions arising from the sight of the memorials of the dead, which are placed on each of the columns: the first which attracts attention is a figure representing Science reclining on the monument of the youthful Professor Simons of the S. C. College, and near whom stands forgotten the globe, the telescope, the crucible, and the various paraphernalia of the Temple of Nature: it bears in part the following:

“Quanto minus est cum aliis,
Versari, quam tui meminisse.” Also:

“His intense application to the study of Nature,
Was crowned with uncommon success,
And promised if his life had been prolonged
To have extended the boundaries of Science
And added largely to the stock
Of Human Happiness.

His Mind was Energetic, his Perception Quick,
And his Heart enriched with the Virtues
And elevated by the Hopes
Of Christianity.

Long will his Family cherish the recollection of his worth:
The tears of his Pupils consecrate this offering of Affection,
And Science, Genius, and Patriotism
Mourn their Common Loss.”

And well may they; for at the early age of 26 years, he had attained a distinguished professional rank, and met a watery grave, after having performed the duty of fraternal love.

The monument of Major Benjamin Huger is remarkable for the peculiar beauty of its execution; like that of Professor Simons, a majestic female figure rests against a tomb apparently overwhelmed with grief, while at her feet a child is seated, and so admirable is its sculpture, that to the eye of Imagination it seems to move: it is represented inscribing the following on the tomb:

“Ye that peruse his name, who living shin'd
Oh! bear the merits of the dead in mind!
How skill'd he was, in each engaging art,
The mildest manners with a generous heart.
He was—but Heav'n how soon ordain'd his end,
In death a hero, as in life a friend.”

His character receives sufficient commendation from the fact here

* The Right Rev. Theodore Dehon, Bishop of the Diocese of South-Carolina.

† *Vide Account of European Settlements in America*, ii. 258.

briefly stated that "he fell before the Lines of Charleston in 1779."

Near his monument stands the memorial of a fellow hero, whose character is portrayed with peculiar energy.

Under the American Eagle, two conflicting swords, and the motto "*Ultima Ratio*," we read

"Sacred to the Memory

Of a Patriot Soldier—eminent for his exertions
In defence of the Rights of Mankind in general,
And these United States in particular, and who sealed
With his blood the contract of
Fidelity to his country.

At the commencement of American opposition
To British Usurpation

PHILIP NEYLE, *Esquire*,

Devoted himself to the support of the
Just claims of his native land.

While with alacrity and inviolable attachment

He was performing the duties of a
Good citizen and gallant officer

At the siege of Charleston,

A cannon ball deprived his country of his services,
His friends of an ingenuous, benevolent, and amiable companion,
And his infirm parents of the comfort and support
Afforded by his filial piety." &c.

Long may the glorious fate of these two gallant sons of Carolina, animate posterity to defend their country's rights!

The singularity of the epitaph on the monument of HECTOR BERENGER, DE BEAUFAIN, *Esq.* consists in the fact, that although a native of France, and notwithstanding the spirit of national hostility which has for centuries existed, he by his talents and his virtues gained the responsible office of Collector of his Majesty's Customs for this Port, and was nominated a member of his Privy Council; in such esteem was he held, that his fellow-citizens as tribute of respect for his memory erected this splendid monument.

A piece of sculpture, rather characterized by neatness than elegance, reminds posterity of JACOB and REBECCA MOTTE; the former was "a benevolent, patriotic, and upright citizen," but the latter is identified with the history of our Revolution: "she united the piety, meekness, and gentleness of the Christian, with the firm patriotism of the Spartan;" this lady afforded Marion and Lee the means of destroying her own mansion, when the good of her country required it.

A monument conspicuous for its workmanship, details the rank, titles, and virtues of a distinguished Colonial Governor as follows:

"Near this place lyes the Body of his Excellency

ROBERT JOHNSTON, *Esq.* His Majesty's

First Captain-General, Governor, and Commander-in-Chief,
and Vice-Admiral of this Province,

After the Purchase thereof from the Lords Proprietors.

Who dyed on the 3d day of May,

Anno Domini, 1735, aged 58 years.

To whose memory the General Assembly gave
This Marble to be Erected as a Mark of Peculiar
Esteem and Gratitude for his Mild, Just,
and Generous Administration.

And beside him lies his Beloved Consort,
MRS. MARGARET JOHNSTON, an Amiable, Sensible Lady,
Of Exemplary Piety, Charity, and Oeconomy."

This last mentioned virtue appears to have been in higher estimation in "by-gone days," than at present, for in the adjacent yard, the character of a lady is pourtrayed as

"An agreeable wife and of rare oeconomy."

"*Cætera laudem, facta ferent.*"

Alas! after a lapse of more than four-score years, what facts can remain to bear witness to her praise!

Among the numerous Epitaphs not meriting particular notice, there are two, which it would be almost criminal to neglect; that of the lamented DR. MACBRIDE informs us that

"Without the aid of wealth or patronage

By the energies of his own Ardent Mind

He attained the advantages of a liberal Education.

Dignified, yet affable, learned, yet unassuming,

And in the domestic relations, amiable and exemplary,

He conciliated universal respect and esteem.

As a Physician

Skill, Liberality, Candour and Sensibility

Rendered him an ornament to his profession.

A profound and philosophic observer,

He explored with enlightened and discriminating curiosity

The great Field of Nature:

And enriched Botany, his favourite study,

With many discoveries.

In admiring the various objects of creation

He forgot not their Author;

But relied for everlasting Happiness with pious Hope

On the sure mercies of the Redeemer."

Long will the fatal pestilence of 1817 be remembered in connexion with the fate of this votary of Science! Near to the tomb of Macbride is placed that of the lamented SIMONS; on the black-marble margin of a slab as spotless as his angelic innocence is inscribed in letters of gold

"*Quæ planta firmis hæserit radicibus*

In æde Domini aut atrii

Se flore amæno frondibusque vestiet."

The Epitaph is

"Sacred to the memory of the

REV. JAMES DEWAR SIMONS, Rector of this Church.

In the relations of Private Life

He was distinguished

By an exquisite sensibility

And enlarged Philanthropy:

While in the faithful discharge
 Of the Pastoral office,
 His cheerful Piety, and ardent Zeal
 In the cause of Religion
 Adorned by unassuming manners
 And the graces of Literature
 Endeared him to the hearts
 Of an affectionate Congregation
 And a wide circle of
 Admiring Friends.

On leaving the Church, the Organ which is placed across the centre aisle attracts the attention, by its beautiful workmanship; it derives a peculiar interest from the fact that it was used at the coronation of the second George;* it is said that in consequence of the slender resources of the congregation, some of its pipes were withdrawn to adapt it to their means; the tone of this organ is solemn and impressive, but truly nothing can be more awe-inspiring than at the silent midnight hour to hear St. Philip's clock with deep funeral knell tolling another day from time to eternity!

A visit to the adjoining vaults, a mode of sepulture which cannot be too strongly reprehended, transports us from the imaginary into the real presence of the dead. Oh! when will this baneful custom cease to prevail! Will the inhabitants of our southern clime persist in these putrid accumulations until again and again as in the sepulchres of the old world,† many shall drop dead from the inhalation of their pestilential gases!

To the Atheist who expects nothing beyond this life, it matters not how his body is disposed of: the Christian may ask and be answered in the transporting language of the poet:

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust
 When Fate relenting, lets the flower revive?
 Shall natures voice, to man alone unjust
 Bid him though doom'd to perish hope to live?
 Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
 With Disappointment, Penury, and Pain?
 No: Heavens immortal spring shall yet arrive
 And Man's majestic beauty bloom again
 Bright through th' eternal year of Loves triumphant reign."

* *Vide* Dalcho's Church History, 121.

† *Vide* an Essay on the Dangers and Duties of Sepulture, &c. by a Physician of Boston. *passim*.

STANZAS.

I.

When first I saw, in early prime,
 Thy face and form so fair,
 Alas! I did not deem that Time
 Would leave thee lonely here!

II.

And those who once had bent the knee:
 And bowed the heart before thee;

What now are they to thine or thee,
Where—when this shame came o'er thee?

III.

Gaudy despoilers in the train
Of Beauty, ever new;
They fled thee when disease and pain
Their darkness o'er thee threw:

IV.

And none are left thy couch above,
Save still-expectant death;
No sister's care, no brother's love,
Shall soothe the parting breath!

V.

And is this all?—a little sway,
The triumph of an hour;
Desertion followed—pale decay
Came next—'twas all thy dower!

VI.

The world that flattered and cared,
For thee reserved no tear;
But Pity o'er thy place of rest,
Shall weep, a pilgrim there.

VII.

And he shall weep—aye, tears of blood
May expiate his shame;
Who thus could blight—so young and good!
Thy beauty and thy fame.

VIII.

Too early seen—deplored too late,
Remembrance vainly sorrows;
While from the moral of thy fate,
The heart this lesson borrows:

IX.

That passion too intensely given,
Defeats, or is defeated ever;
As bowstrings bent too far, are riven—
The first, fresh impulse gone forever!

J. W. S.

Notions of the Americans: Picked up by a Travelling Bachelor; In two volumes. Philadelphia. Carey, Lea & Carey.

THESE volumes open with a somewhat mysterious "Dedication" to a Mr. Cadwallader of New-York, which we do not profess to understand; we presume *he* does, however, as the "empty *fauteuil*" of the Club of Bachelors, of which Mr. Cooper is himself a member, has, it seems, been assigned him. We had scarcely penned this, when, on turning to the "Note" appended to the second volume, we were so much pleased with the gallant sentence which we extract below, that we felt a strong prepossession in favor of these "Notions;" and can very well understand how it was that they should have proved unaccordant with the taste and feelings of the London Literary Gazette, and the sundry other kindred prints of the Administration in England.* The volumes before us, consist

* "I admire the coolness with which the Reviewer," (the London Quarterly, on de Roos' 'Personal Narrative') says, "If the Americans have any plan to

of a series of "Letters" supposed to be written by a foreigner; and addressed under fictitious names to various individuals in Europe. In adopting the epistolary *method*, Mr. Cooper has perhaps shewn much judgment, as we do not know of any other form in which he could so well have embodied his "Notions;" while he will not be found altogether deficient in the epistolary *style*. The Preface is written in excellent taste—plain, direct, and unpretending, but strong and manly; countenanced and supported by some extremely just and sensible observations—and is, in short, precisely such as we should have looked for from a man who had undergone the wholesome discipline of that Grand National School, our gallant Navy. The "Letters" are all in the same spirit, but well tempered; and calculated, we should think, to impress the reader with a very favorable opinion of the manners no less than the abilities of the writer. The *second* "Letter" is rather too statistical, perhaps; and the fault in that addressed to the "Count Jules de Bethizy," is that the author ventures to treat of American manners and morals, as though it were a matter of course that (under Republican institutions) they should be found wholly differing from those of every other people on the face of the globe. This was going too far, and descending too low; and is, in truth, quite overdone. Mr. Cooper had much better have treated the subject in a spirit of railery, than gravely to inform the reader, even supposing him to be a tolerably intelligent Cossack, that "the tone of manners in America requires the utmost seemliness of deportment;" and that "*suspicion even may become dangerous to a man, and is almost always so to a woman.*" Vol. I. p. 152.

We have in these volumes a specimen of the ingenuity of the "Trade" (we would hope of booksellers, not authors) who have been pleased of late to furnish the reader with *distinct heads upon each page*, when perhaps one half the topics thus formally specified, occupy no more than a dozen lines—presenting in this way a somewhat formidable "List of Contents." In an instance, or so, the method, we admit, has its advantages—by arresting and directing the attention of the reader to such subjects as may more immediately interest him; but in most cases (and many have fallen under our notice) it is a mere catch-penny expedient, devised by that most remarkable and truly indefatigable race of mortals, the London Booksellers of Ave Maria Lane, and Paternoster Row.

Mr. Cooper is singularly, we had almost said, ludicrously minute in some of his descriptions; and in the one with which he has favored us of the "dwelling of Mr. —," we are informed that you have "egress from and ingress to the house, by its front and rear!" This is indeed new, and quite extraordinary. Note "A," page 6, is an able and eloquent exposition of the calumnies that have been heaped upon us in this country by British tourists; and

offer, by which American seamen may be *protected against serving in our fleets*, and British seamen from *entering theirs*, Great Britain will undoubtedly be ready to *discuss it*." "*We have a plan for the protection of our seamen.*" The Pennsylvania and her five noble sisters, whose frames are now providing, the Alabama, the Delaware, the Ohio, the New-York, the Vermont, the North-Carolina, &c. furnish a hint of the outline." Vol. 2d, p. 358.

constitutes at the same time a no less able and triumphant exculpation—which must win for Mr. C. another leaf to his brilliant laurel, and there is not an American who would not be proud to place it on his brow. Were it not that such comparisons, or, rather, contrasts, have usually the appearance of being invidious, we should be tempted to say something about the respective tone and tenor of sentiment and conduct which has been observed by the author of the “Sketch Book,” and the writer before us, upon the subject of those hostile prejudices and prepossessions against this country, which have taken such deep root in the minds of the majority of persons in Great Britain; and which, we have reason to believe, are not likely to give place to other and kindlier feelings, or a more just and liberal appreciation of men and things in America—its institutions, or its manners—its morals, or its measures. The author of the “Sketch Book,” labored to conciliate; Mr. Cooper is far more likely to convince. Mr. Irving’s manner has been that of a well-bred man in a drawing-room, who puts away for the time his out-door prejudices, and makes the accustomed sacrifices to the prevailing etiquette; Mr. Cooper’s deportment will challenge a handsome comparison with that which the poet Burns is described as observing and maintaining with such admirable dignity and self-possession, when suddenly transferred from the plough to the society of the nobility and gentry of the Scottish capital. We believe, then, that these “Notions” are likely to achieve much in behalf of the two countries; presenting, as they do, a *true* picture of the actual condition of these States in all their various relations, moral and literary, civil, political, and military, they are calculated to promote the respectability as well as the *tranquillity* of this confederacy, by clearly and unequivocally shewing, that it will never compromise the former, should any power, or combined powers, venture to propose it as the condition of enjoying and securing the latter.

The reader will find in the Note to the 2d Volume, a far abler review of De Roos’ travels in this country, than the one which has lately appeared in a Northern Quarterly periodical. The latter treats Mr. De Roos and his “Narrative” with ridicule; condescending to notice the dissatisfaction expressed by that gentleman with his accommodation at the City Hotel in New-York—where, it seems, he was compelled to put up with a “rag” in lieu of a towel, together with other distressing inconveniencies. The writer of the “Notions,” finds far more important topics for discussion (we will not say, dispute) in Mr. De Roos’ book; we therefore beg leave to recommend for the attentive perusal of our readers, the “Note” to which we here allude. We regret that neither time nor our limits permit us to present our readers with a notice of the various topics embraced in these admirable volumes; we think they supercede all that we have hitherto been presented with upon the subject of America; and we will conclude with the following extract, which cannot fail to interest and gratify our readers.

He who would seek the great moving principles which give no small part of its peculiar tone to the American character, must study the people of New-England deeply. It is there that he will find the germ of that tree of intelligence

which has shot forth so luxuriantly, and is already shading the land with its branches, bringing forth most excellent fruit. It is there that religion, and order, and frugality, and even liberty, have taken deepest root: and no liberal American, however he may cherish some of the peculiarities of his own particular State, will deny them the meed of these high and honorable distinctions. It may be premature in one who has kept aloof from their large towns, to pronounce on the polish of a people whom he has only seen in the retirement and simplicity of the provinces. Their more southern neighbours say they are wanting in some of the nicer tact of polite intercourse, and that however they may shine in the more homely and domestic virtues, they are somewhat deficient in those of manner. I think nothing, taken with a certain limitation, to be more probable.

I saw every where the strongest evidences of a greater equality of condition than I remember ever before to have witnessed. Where this equality exists, it has an obvious tendency to bring the extremes of the community together. What the peasant gains, the gentleman must in some measure lose. The colours get intermingled, where the shades in society are so much softened. Great leisure, nay, even idleness, is perhaps necessary to exclusive attention to manner. How few, dear Waller, excel in it, even in your own aristocratic island, where it is found that a man needs no small servitude in the more graceful schools of the continent, to figure to advantage in a saloon. Perhaps there is something in the common habits of the parent and the child that is not favorable to a cultivation of the graces. Institutions which serve to give man pride in himself, sometimes lessen his respect for others: and yet I see nothing in a republican government that is at all incompatible with the highest possible refinement. It is difficult to conceive that a state of things which has a tendency to elevate the less fortunate classes of our species, should necessarily debase those whose lots have been cast in the highest. The peculiar exterior of the New-Englandmen may be ascribed with more justice to the restrained and little enticing manners of his puritan ancestors. Climate, habits of thrift, and unexampled equality of rights and fortune, may have aided to perpetuate a rigid aspect. But after all, this defect in manner must, as I have already said, be taken under great limitation. Considered in reference to every class below those in which, from their pursuits and education, more refinement and tact might certainly be expected, it does not exist. On the contrary, as they are more universally intelligent than their counterparts in the most favoured European countries, so do they exhibit, in their deportment, a happier union of self-respect with consideration for others. The deficiency is oftener manifested in certain probing inquiries into the individual concerns of other people, and in a neglect of forms entirely conventional, but which by their generality have become established rules of breeding, than by any coarse or brutal transgressions of natural politeness. The former liberty may indeed easily degenerate into every thing that is both repulsive and disagreeable; but there is that in the manner of a New-Englandman, when he most startles you by his familiarity, which proves he means no harm. The common, vulgar account of such questions, as "How far are you travelling, *stranger*?" and where do you come from? and what may your name be?" if ever true, is a gross caricature. The New-Englandman is too kind in all his habits to call any man *stranger*.* His usual address is "friend," or sometimes he compliments a stranger of a gentlemanly appearance, with the title of "squire." I sought the least reserved intercourse that was possible with them, and in no instance was I the subject of the smallest intentional rudeness.† I say intentional, for the country physician, or lawyer, or divine (and I mingled with them all,) was ignorant that he trespassed on the rules of rigid breeding, when he made allusions, however guarded, to my individual movements or situation. Indeed I am inclined to suspect that the Americans, in all parts of the Union, are less reserved on personal subjects than we of Europe, and precisely for the reason that in general they have less to conceal. I cannot attribute a coarser motive than innocent curiosity, to the familiar habits of a people who in every other particular are so singularly tender of each other's feelings. The usage is not denied even by themselves; and a professor of one of their universities accounted for it in the following manner. The people of New-England were, and are still, intimately allied in feeling no less than in blood. Their enterprise early separated them from each other by wide tracts of country; and before the introduction of journals and public mails, the inhabitants must have been dependent on travellers for most of their passing intelligence. It is not difficult to conceive that, in a

country where thought is so active, inquiry was not suffered to slumber. You may probably remember to have seen, when we were last at Pompeii, the little place where the townsmen were said to collect in order to glean intelligence from Upper Italy. A similar state of things must, in a greater or less degree, have existed in all civilized countries before the art of printing was known; and, in this particular, the only difference between New and Old England probably was that as the people of the former had more ideas to appease, they were compelled to use greater exertions to attain their object. But apart from this, I will confess startling familiarity, there was a delicacy of demeanour that is surprising in a population so remote from the polish of the large towns. I have often seen the wishes of the meanest individual consulted before any trifling change was made that might be supposed to affect the comfort of all. In this species of courtesy, I think them a people unequalled. Scarcely any one, however elevated his rank, would presume to make a change in any of the dispositions of a public coach, (for I left my wagon for a time,) in a window of a hotel, or indeed in any thing in which others might have an equal concern, without a suitable deference to their wishes. And yet I have seen the glance of one woman's eye, and she of humble condition too, instantly change the unanimous decision of a dozen men.

SALATHIEL.

THE new publication of the Rev. Mr. Croly, called "*Salathiel*" having excited much interest as well from its material, as the showy manner in which the author has treated it, induces us to subjoin the following legend as to the unfortunate wretch who was its subject. All readers of romance, will readily recognise the singular fitness of the tradition for a performance of this nature. The wildness and even sublimity of the first conception of a punishment so horrible as an eternal (or nearly so) abode in the flesh, is highly grand and oriental. To be compelled to see the various affections of humanity drop off one by one into the grave. To form new ones for the same melancholy termination. To feel life and its desires renewed, at a time, when the mind, worn and weakened by disease, has made its last final preparations to join in and become a principal in the long caravan of death. To live again to all the fears, hopes, anxieties and disappointments of life. To gather flowers in boyhood, and to find them withered in age. To feel a renovated passion, when the object is dead that inspired it—to exhaust the world of its treasures, and to look forward to that happy union in an abode of eternal duration and quietude, which is the most beautiful and encouraging feature in our religion only to be disappointed. To see as it were, in the last trial of Time, the far gates of heaven thrown open, distinct and approaching, only to be torn from their portals, is perhaps a pitch of poetical enthusiasm, far beyond the eternal Vulture at the liver of Prometheus.

We do not intend to consider the work of this gentleman in a critical point of view, chiefly, because we have proposed to confine ourselves in our editorial progress solely to American publications, or such of foreign original, as may embrace some feature in some-wise common to us, or bearing upon our institutions or literature.

We will however remark on this work, that however splendid its coloring in many respects, it is by no means calculated to advance the reputation of the author, or secure to itself any very extended existence. Its principal fault is a continual labor to be fine and striking. Situations are sought for, where the Imagination is admitted to a wider range, and like an Eagle after long imprisonment bounding abroad upon the native elements of its gigantic pinions.

It is our opinion, that, while the great advantage afforded by a subject of this character, is the choice of situation which it gives an author—the power to select country, scenes and personages, the work should only have been here and there wrought up into a depth of coloring by strange and wonderful occurrences. The scenes, the trials, the sorrows and the simple achievements and events of domestic life, would have been, if well done, the best calculated to have gratified the general reader, and in fact by relieving with a softer and mellow picture the grandeur of such a scene as the burning of Rome (which, by the way must have been fine in any hand) secured to itself a command not only over the imaginations but the affections of men. As it is, we believe, there are few who do not agree with us, that there is a monotony about the descriptions in general that is wearisome and tedious. We say nothing of their extravagance, which were we to do, we might conclude with calling “Salathiel” a poem—at times vague and bombastic like Ossian—at all times too prosaic to be absolute poetry. We do not relish the admixture. Our first reading of this work forcibly brought to our recollection one of greater celebrity and far more character and power. We allude to Mr. Hope’s “Anastasius or the memoirs of a Greek.” Not that there is any thing in common, or similar between them, except the subject, which like Gil Blas, will permit an author to ramble where he pleases and select such characters and scenes, as he thinks, his powers best calculated to exhibit to advantage. In bringing this work to our memory, a comparison was immediately instituted in our thought, rather detrimental to “Salathiel.” It was, in fact, fatal. There is nothing in the whole of this latter work capable of being placed along side of the other. The extravagance of some of the poeticisms of “Salathiel” are certainly without parallel passages in “Anastasius;” but really, we could no more think of comparing the occasional wildness and force of the one with the continued power, exquisite delicacy, deep fervor and unrivalled tenderness of the other, than we could think of comparing the occasional aspirations of an imitative and trifling, to a highly original and sternly intellectual being.

We have said much more than we intended, and as our object was only to introduce the tradition on which “Salathiel” was founded, we beg leave to conclude with our extract.

LEGEND OF THE WANDERING JEW.

* In 1828, the Metropolitan of Armenias, on his travels, arrived in England, and was interrogated of many things respecting the churches under his jurisdiction.

Among other things, being asked as to that Joseph (concerning whom there is much talk among men,) who was present at the passion of the Lord, and spoke with him, and who yet lives as a witness to the truth of the Christian religion, and whether he had ever seen or heard of him, seriously affirmed the truth of

such report ; and a certain knight of Antioch, in his retinue, who was his interpreter, and who was his interpreter, and who was also known to one of the abbot's servants, (by name Henry de Spigournel,) spoke in the French as follows : " My master well knows that man, and a little before he journeyed to the west. the said Joseph ate at his table, whom he had often seen and heard speak." And being afterwards asked respecting what passed between our Lord Jesus Christ and the said Joseph, he answered thus : " In the time of the passion of Jesus Christ, when, having been taken by the Jews, he was brought before the Governor Pilate in the prætorium, to be judged by him, Pilate, finding no cause of death in him, said to them, " Do ye take him, and judge him according to your own law." But as the Jews continued to clamour yet more loudly, he dismissed Barabas according to their petition, and delivered to them Christ, that he might be crucified. While the Jews were drawing Christ without the prætorium, and when he had come to the gate, and was passing into it, Cartaphilus, porter of the prætorium to Pontius Pilate, struck him on the back with his fist in a contemptuous manner, and mocking him, said,—“ Go, Jesus, go quicker—why do you delay ?” Whereupon, Jesus, looking back on him with a severe countenance, said—“ I go, and thou shalt wait until I return ;” it is said according to that saying of the evangelist. Therefore, by the word of God, the aforesaid Cartaphilus is still waiting, he having been aged about thirty years at the time of the passion of our Lord ; and ever, as soon as he arrives at the age of an hundred he is seized, as it were, with an incurable infirmity, and is ravished in a sort of ecstasy ; and upon recovering his senses, finds himself again returned back to the same age at which he was in the year when our Lord suffered—so that he may truly say with the Psalmist, “ My youth is renewed like that of an eagle.” When the Catholic faith increased, this same Cartaphilus was baptized by that Ananias who baptized Saint Paul, and was called Joseph. He frequently sojourns in either Armenia, and in other regions of the East, living among the bishops, and other heads of the church—a man of holy conversation and piety, speaking little, and with circumspection—saying nothing, except when required by the bishops and holy men ; and sometimes he relates concerning the things of antiquity, and the circumstances of the passion and resurrection of Christ, and of the witnesses of the resurrection—those, namely, who arose with Christ from the grave, and went into the holy city, and appeared to many. He also speaks concerning the apostles' creed, and their division and ministry ; and this without any laughter or levity, or any sign of disbelief—being rather occupied by grief, and fear of the Lord, ever expecting the advent of Jesus Christ in fire, and the judgment of the world, and fearing lest, at the last trial, he should find him still angered against him whom he had provoked by derision. Many men come to him from the most distant parts of the world, rejoicing to see and converse with him—among whom, if there be any worthy, he briefly answers their questions. He refuses all presents that are offered to him, being content with moderate food, and clothing ; and he places all his hope of safety in this, namely, that he sinned in ignorance, and that our Lord prayed that his Father might pardon his murderers, as unknowing what they did ; and that St. Paul, also sinning in ignorance, nevertheless deserved pardon ; as also Peter who denied the Lord through frailty ; while Judas, who through iniquity (that is, through avarice) betrayed the Lord, hanged himself, and, his bowels gushing out, thus ended his wretched life without hope of salvation. For these reasons only Carthaphilus hopes for salvation.

“ BREATHE, BREATHE NOT HER NAME”

Breathe, breathe not her name—let me banish forever

The magic, the madness that lives in its spell ;

I loved, I adored—but that passion can never

Find solace again in hopes cherished too well !

No, never again can those blest hopes allure me,

In guilt and in grief still presiding to save ;

False tongues and false hearts forced her soul to abjure me,

’Twas the world first deceived, backed by niggard and knave :

But a deeper deception awaited her yet,

For it sprung from a breast which she feared to distrust ;

May it wake not in her heart the pang of regret,
As in mine it excites the strong sense of disgust :

They knew not I knew them, who knowing despised
The selfish and sordid emotions presiding
O'er hopes which they deemed her young bosom had prized,
Aye—hopes which their lust, not their love was dividing.

Blest Guardians! their duty so nicely who balanced,
And weighed chances with such casuistical skill;
The motive concealed lay so cunningly valenced,
The many applauded, who saw thro' it still :

They saw thro' the meanness, but knew not the malice
Which hoarding still latent its sting for *his* breast,
Drugged, fatally drugged with its venom *her* chalice,
And robbed her affections of honor and rest !

For the scorn and contempt of the world's retribution,
Still following the deeds which it dares sanction yet,
Hath covered her soul with that shame's last confusion,
And furnished her food for a ceaseless regret!

I cannot applaud, yet I will not upbraid her,
The guilt rests with them, but the grief is all hers,
Who could suffer pretences so frail to persuade her
That a pledge falsely given, no reversion incurs :

O, fatally true shall her bosom abide
The keen sense of the blight she has left on the past ;
Then, then when life's viler emotions subside,
Shall remorse make atonement for falsehood at last !

And the wretches who thus have a victim made of her,
Say, shall no retribution the dark deed await,
When, th' illusions of pride and of selfishness over,
They recur to the wreck they have wrought—and too late ! J. W. S.

THE ANNUALS.—TOKEN AND SOUVENIR.

It was a sweet and simple practice among the plain and inventive Germans to commemorate with token flowers and little gifts of no value, but as conveying emblematically the good wishes of the giver the more playful salutations and enjoyments of the season, on the approach of Christmas and the New-Year. From toys for children, it was found that gifts were to be had for youth and even maturity. This introduced the Annularies, Tokens, Forget me Not's, Friendship's offering's, Amulet's and Talisman's—all calculated for this agreeable custom. Vinegar faced age is even brought by the irresistibility of their influence to extend his patronage and confess their merit—when his grandchildren, nephews and nieces are hopping about him of a Saturday evening and the old man instead of a comfit, or top or pincushion, gets a "childs-offering" for the brat; and for the Miss just bouncing into her teens, with a sweet consciousness that brings the blush into her cheek at her own emotions, he buys a Token or Souvenir from our friends Babcock or Berrett.

In looking at these pretty things for the coming year, we do not know how to avoid saying that we are excessively well pleased : we love to look on, though we almost fear to touch the delicate cover, the gold edge, the fairy woven paper and the sweetly mourn-

ing print—all is so gossamer-like—so tiny—so exquisite that we fear upon a contact with our huge paws they may, like a butterfly in the grasp of a great boy going to school, lose all the beautiful silk and gold and glitter that envelopes and distinguishes them. But, while we acknowledge their delicacy and richness, we cannot help thinking that their principal merit consists in their exterior and decorations. Neither of the two works at the head of this article are equal to their respective brethren of the year before. In both of them we recognize some exquisite engravings. We may mention in the *Token*, the Title page plate; the Academic Grove; *Psyche* before the tribunal of Venus and "The Prairie on Fire."

In the *Souvenir* we were particularly pleased with the Title page; the power of Love; Hesitation; and the Glove; this latter was to us a magical one, and we cannot but believe the accompanying story, if the lady was but half as beautiful as she is represented to be. What an eye and lip, and — but really what is all this to us?

We are sorry we cannot speak in terms equally high of the literary parts of these two *toilet-stones*. We must contrast the *ebony* with the *Topaz*, and declare our opinion, that with the exception of some few articles in each, they deserve but little more commendation than much of our newspaper poetry and milk and water love stories, about

—— " Strange phantasies,
That beardless boys may conjure on at night,
And maids sigh over, 'till the dainty tale
Tingles thro' every pore and artery."

In fact were we to choose at all, we should select some pieces, written by persons we never heard of before—leaving unnoticed those which have fallen from our more practised and well known writers. One more remark and we forbear. We cannot afford to pay for a work and praise it too—and it is this very necessity most probably, that has made our criticism rather unfriendly. We hope the publishers will duly notice our cause of complaint, and we do not know but that the volumes for 1830 will be very much improved.

Observations on Mental Alienation, and the application of its phenomena to the illustration of subjects connected with Medical Jurisprudence. By Thomas Y. Simons, M. D. Extraordinary Member and formerly President of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh; late President of the Charleston Medical Society of Emulation; and Vice-President of the Medical Society of South Carolina, &c. &c. Charleston, A. F. Cunningham.

LORD BACON justly observes "that he who gathers and disposes of facts as they occur to his observation, is equally a philosopher with him who but speculates upon them;—as he furnishes the pedestal upon which the superstructure is erected." In a certain degree, with the original discoverer, is he entitled to credit, who throws these facts in form, before the eye of the public, although he may draw no new theory or even inference from them.

The pamphlet before us has given us a good deal of pleasure, as well from the curious matter which the author has contrived to throw into its pages, as from the neat, though sometimes negligent manner in which he has clothed it. A something of carelessness is to be found occasionally which could easily have been avoided; although we are not disposed to quarrel with him upon this score, when we refer to our gratification in other, more important, particulars. To the general reader some curious and valuable information may be obtained by an attentive perusal of this little work. The great and increasing importance of its subject to the Jurist, must render every such inquiry a matter of moment and concern. We can only afford room for the following interesting extracts:

"It is extremely difficult to ascertain the point at which the mind may be said to be unsound, and very serious as well as ludicrous mistakes have occurred. The people of Abdera believed Democritus mad, and invited Hippocrates over to cure him; but Hippocrates declared that not Democritus but the people of Abdera were mad. Too much learning was said to have made the apostle Paul mad, because, after having persecuted the Messiah, he became his strenuous apostle; a change of feeling and conduct which the Jews could ascribe only to madness. All opinions that are in direct opposition to what we have generally received as correct, are regarded as emanating from disordered intellect, until reason, experience and facts, convince us that we, the people, are wrong. In some instances, where the positive truth never can be arrived at, we are apt, mutually, to consider each other a little disordered. Whenever, therefore, an individual is apparently absurd in mere matters of opinion, which do not affect what may be called the elementary principles of feeling and conduct, upon all cardinal and essential points, there is no reason to suppose that such opinions will lead to insanity. 'There frequently exists an allusion,' says a writer, 'to particular things to which men of genius are sometimes subject, which leads them to indulge in eccentric whimsies and extravagant fancies, whilst on every other subject, their perceptions are clear, and their conclusions correct; instances of this kind abound in every treatise on insanity, and may be traced from the earliest periods of history. Pythagoras believed that he had lived in prior ages, and inhabited different bodies, and that in the shape of Euphorbus he had assisted in the siege of Troy. Tasso fancied himself visited by a familiar spirit, with whom he conversed aloud. The hero of the celebrated romance of Cervantes exhibits a well drawn picture of this species of insanity; and, although in a less attractive form, how frequently do we recognize Don Quixotte in every rank and description of society? 'If,' says a celebrated writer, 'the circle in which this absurdity revolves is so small as to touch nobody, a man is then only what is called singular in that respect; but if its orbit is extended so as to run foul of other people, he is then called a madman.'

Causes of Insanity.—The causes of insanity depend very much upon the predisposition and temperament of the individual; for we continually perceive the same causes applied to different individuals, and producing different effects on each. Ardent spirits for example, exhibits in different individuals very different effects. Exciting in some *mania*, in others *mania a potu*. Others again have apoplexy, and others again waste away until the whole excitability of the system is exhausted, and death ensues. The same thing is observable in other cases. Thus disappointments make the ardent and sanguine mad, while the phlegmatic are uninfluenced by its fascinating allurements. The loss of property and the dread of poverty will create in the phlegmatic despondency and melancholic madness, while the sanguine is regardless of its stings; but disappointments in his love will produce maniacal fury. To illustrate this matter, let us contrast the general characteristics of the French and English people, without meaning any thing offensive to either.

The Englishman indulges his appetite, drinks his porter and port wine, and becomes torpid and phlegmatic. He is distant in his manners, cautious in his friendships, suspicious in his character, wrapped up in himself, and full of his own dignity and importance. His happiness is, therefore, principally dependent upon self-indulgence and the degree of consequence which he holds among

his fellow creatures. Whatever will produce these will make him happy, and as they are diminished, so is his happiness: he has few individual sources of amusement, and, generally speaking, would prefer the fear and respect rather than the love of his fellow beings; he is, therefore, the child of circumstance, and becomes the sport of fortune. So long as he is fortunate and prosperous, it is well; but when misfortune assails him, a slave to public opinion, he dreads the change in public estimation; he shrinks from public gaze, desponds, falls into profound melancholy, and, perhaps, destroys himself.

The Frenchman, on the other hand, is familiar, talkative; a true disciple of the Epicurean philosophy of grasping the pleasures of the present day. In prosperity or adversity, equally gay, he laughs at the fitful changes of fortune, and adapts his habit of life to his change of situation. He lives on light food, drinks light wines, seldom or never gorges himself; he has consequently, an elasticity of system and liveliness of manner. His constant study is to please and be pleased, and, the child of flattery, applause he seeks, no matter what the circle into which he is thrown. His imagination is as gay as the Englishman's is sombre. Love or éclat are his predominating feelings, and the slight of his mistress, or a failure in any pursuit after glory, may cause him to blow his brains out or become raving mad.

The English are a reflective, reasoning people. The French, observing, quick, of great practical tact, and full of imagination. Hence, the one is more generally seized with *melancholia*, the other with *mania*."

These extracts are full of interest. The facts brought forward and the inferences drawn, are sometimes new and ingenious. We think this treatise as well calculated for amusement as instruction, and therefore beg leave to recommend it to our readers.

SERENADE.

Bright the Sun is sinking
In the blue wave, drinking
Glory from his blaze:
And no longer sleeping,
Lo! the night-star leaping,
Wins his latest rays.

His chariot downward driven,
Leaves the cope of heaven
Ermined o'er with fleet-
While a softer glory,
O'er yon promontory,
Swells aloft in peace.

Toil leaves his day's employment,
Life springs to meet enjoyment
In its many forms;
Why should we delay, love
To seek the well known way, love
Sought in calms and storms.

Not an hour is sweeter—
Ah! me, no hour is fleet-
Than the hour of bliss—
Let us then pursue, love,
The gentle form in view, love
There's no time like this.

Fairies fill each flow'r,
Spirits weave the bow'r
Ariels weep the dew
In grief, that thus you linger
All exclaiming, "bring her"—
Their sweets are made for you.

ERRORS IN SHAKSPEARE'S TEMPEST.

Messrs. Editors.—I send you the result of a late speculation on some passages of Shakspeare. The number of the commentators upon this debateable ground, from Johnson down to Theobald, would have been enough to have prevented me from such presumption as the expression of my opinion on points already mooted and discussed by them, did I not conceive, as by the way, all of us do, that I am "in the right on't;" of this however, *you* will be the better judge.

We do not wish to add to the number of commentators upon the dramatic Bard of Great Britain; as we feel conscious we can add nothing to the learning already brought into exercise upon this once fruitful subject of literary litigation, but would suggest one or two alterations in our readings of him which we beg leave here to submit: In the "Tempest," Act. 1. Scene 1. Alonzo is made to say, addressing the Boatswain,

"Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men."

This reading is certainly incorrect. In addressing the Boatswain, who from the context is evidently in command, he would hardly say, speaking to an *Individual*, "*Play* the men;"—but if we read it "*Ply* the men"—or "*Play* the man," the difficulty is at once surmounted and in a very reasonable manner. He encourages the one in command, in their extremity, to ply his men and keep their courage and perseverance from abatement, or he thus incites him to the performance of his own duty.

In the same beautiful Poem, Scene 2d. Act 1. Prospero, addressing Caliban, is made to say

"Urchins
Shall for that vast of night, that they may work
All exercise on thee."

To which George Stevens has thought proper to add the following dark illustration. "It should be remembered, that, in the pneumatology of former ages, these particulars were settled with the most minute exactness, and the different kinds of visionary beings had different allotments of time, suitable to the variety or consequence of their employment. During these spaces, they were at liberty to act, but were always obliged to leave off at a certain hour, that they might not interfere in that portion of night which belonged to others. Among these we may suppose *urchins* to have had a part subjected to their dominion." It is astonishing that this strange solution of a passage, not merely void of meaning, but defective in its grammatical construction, (if we may take the note as explanatory) should have passed unnoticed by the lynx eyes of the great lexicographer. An error of the press is here magnified into a mighty mystery; and a meaning afforded to Shakspeare, which if we read the passage as it is now written, it never could

the ten thousand delightful associations of a "squeeze" on a Benefit night. Besides the classical and romantic worlds are brought together in a moment, as by the wand of an Enchanter. There is the Roman forum—there the domestic Gods—there is Athens with her columns, her temples and her porticoes—there stands "the Eternal city" on her seven hills, and last not least, there is our favorite, loving, thieving, lying, drinking, witty John Falstaff, and his hardy, yet cowardly knaves, 'men in buckram,' and Mrs. Quickly and Slender and Shallow, and all the coarse and fine images of that creative monarch, to whom in *this* "brave world" we owe so much.

We cannot refrain therefore from this notice—we shall establish a Dramatic Censorship in our Journal, from which high court of criticism, there shall be no appeal, as there is no favor.

Thursday Night, Nov. 20.

Our Theatre opened this evening with Sheridan's Play of "Pizarro or the death of Rolla"—the part of Rolla by Mr. Adams, the manager.

The question has often been asked, but we believe never satisfactorily answered—why is our Theatre an unprofitable concern to those interested. Why are the players so frequently compelled to walk through their parts before empty boxes, &c. &c. Now we think this question very easily replied to. In the first place, we say, the system of *starring* is totally destructive of every other system of good Theatrical management. To be enabled to introduce a favorite *star*, the proprietor makes sacrifices which he can never remedy. He gives an exorbitant salary to the "*Lion*," which prevents him from paying properly a decent stock company, and thus destroys his own chance of good houses except on such nights as the favorite plays:—For it is not the mere dressing up of a parcel of stakes, and getting up a dramatic performance, that will induce our fellow-citizens to be horrified for three or four hours by such miserable supernumeraries as are brought out annually from the North, and considered quite good enough for the tasteless mortals before whom they exhibit. We denounce the present system entirely, as not calculated to satisfy the public, reward the manager, or what is more important, encourage and bring forward dramatic talent in the humbler actors thus kept back, and absolutely ruined by it.

We see nothing in the present company, judging it by the performances of this evening, at all calculated to win good houses, or ensure success. Mr. Adams has a good voice, though not sufficiently under control, and reads tolerably, but as yet, can make but little pretensions to tragedy. Mr. Brown will in time, become a clever comedian; and we might speak of a certain degree of promise in some others of the present company—but really, the manager cannot expect much patronage from the community of Charleston. As a barn company, or for playing at some village theatre in the interior, where the 'greasy cloaks,' 'grim faces,' tin swords, and the other paraphernalia of the stage, have never before been exhibited, we do not doubt but the fortunes of the company would

be made. But we do pretend to some little taste in these matters. We have seen playing, decent and sometimes excellent playing in Charleston, and will not take the word of the manager or the doubtful recommendation conveyed in the magic line—"from the New-Orleans Theatre"—or "first appearance for two years"—as a passport for any "comet of tremendous size," not excepting Mr. Fielding himself. With regard to the sentence with which another gentleman is introduced (from the N. Orleans Theatre,) we have but to say that a line like this implies a recommendation. Does our manager mean to say that what is tolerated in N. Orleans should be tolerated here—or that the character of that Theatre is such as to warrant its setting up, so far above our unfortunate "barn" in Charleston, as to convey a sufficient license of ability in any actor to compel his favorable reception in Charleston. If *you* think so Mr. Manager, we can only say, that *we* do not. M.

LADIES' BONNETS.

Good Fates, if it be crime to be a man
The crime's in you—I'll leave it if I can.
For danger and much evil's to be found,
For all our sex not underneath the ground.
The Fair, I they're call'd, not satisfied,
To blind our eyes and win our hearts beside,
Fleece our strong coffers, revel in our spoils,
The sole reward of many heavy toils;
Not now content as once of old they were,
To leave their wicked faces to our stare,
As some small compensation for the great
And heavy evils sent with them by fate,
Now take this last enjoyment from our sight,
And wear umbrella hats to keep out light—
The lovely, to enhance, by Fancy's skill
The sweets beneath and make them sweeter still—
The ugly—(God forbid that there should be
An ugly woman,) that we should not see
The shrivelled face and floured cheek below—
Made, unlike "Pindar's razors"—not for show.

EEO.

TO PATRONS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The present number of the *Southern Literary Gazette* has been unavoidably delayed from a variety of circumstances beyond the control of the publishers. The future numbers shall appear on the fifteenth day of every month. The Editors, in order to effect this object, find it necessary to use a type somewhat larger than that at present used, in which the numbers shall in future appear.

Many excellent papers from our Correspondents have been excluded from the present number of our Journal, which shall positively appear in our next. Our friends will in the mean time have patience.

We had intended to accompany the article in our present number on "St. Philip's Church," with a view of that building, but our patronage is too limited as yet to warrant a continuance of our plan in this respect.

NOTE.—In the paper on the *Southern Review*, in our present No. we would not be understood as agreeing with some of the opinions expressed by the writer. The judgment he passes upon the North American Review, we entirely dissent from, and Mr. Percival, with all his faults, possesses infinitely more merit than he allows him. We regret also, that the writer should have thought it necessary to cross the Atlantic for authority in support of his assertions. Mr. Bryant's merits, and Mr. Percival's demerits, are, we humbly conceive, equally independent of Mr. Campbell's award, or that of any other individual—the public, and not Mr. A, B, or C, decide these matters.